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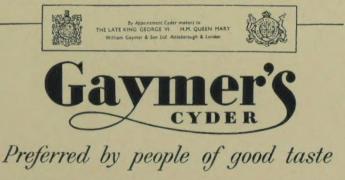




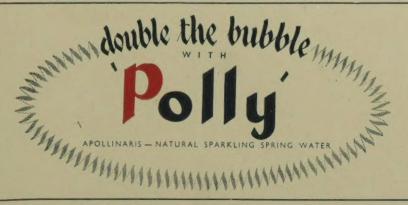
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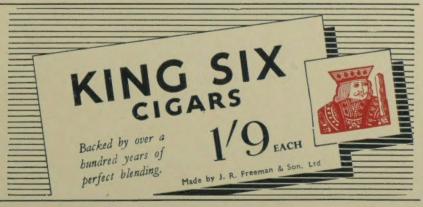
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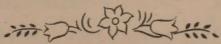
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Bermuda's Currency is Sterling. There is no limit on the amount you are allowed to take there.

Colour films of Bermuda available on loan-write to P.R. Officer, Bermuda Government Information Office, Regent House, 89 Kingsway, London, W.C.2, who will also send you free illustrated booklet and information about fares and hotel charges. Or ask your Travel Agent.

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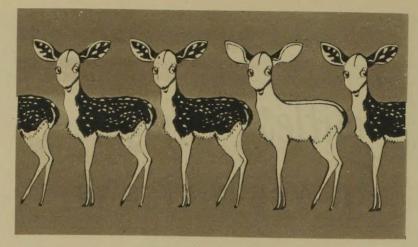
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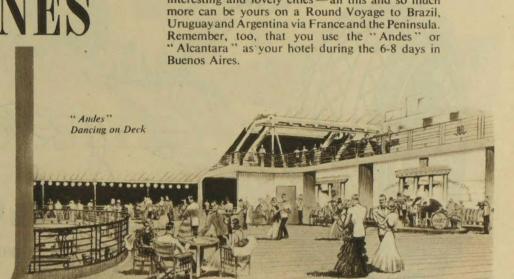
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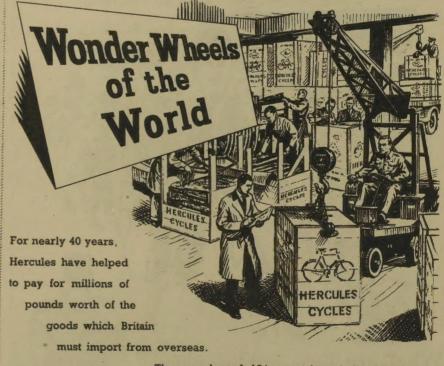
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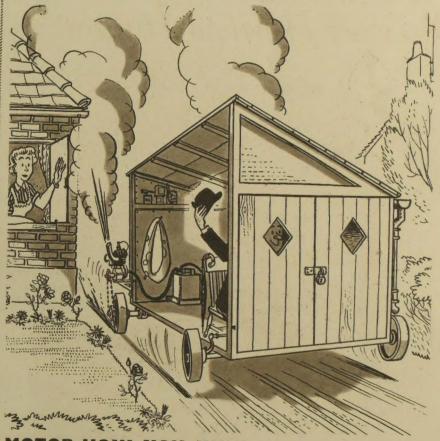


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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1952.



"ANOTHER DRAMATIC LEAP IN THE PROGRESS OF BRITISH AVIATION": THE WORLD'S FIRST FOUR-ENGINED DELTA-WINGED JET. BOMBER, THE AVRO A698, WHICH MADE ITS FIRST FLIGHT ON AUGUST 30.

This revolutionary aircraft, which Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Supply, described as "another dramatic leap in the progress of British aviation," has a speed approaching that of sound, is stated to be able to fly faster, higher and further with a bigger load more economically than any other aircraft. It can carry a large bomb load over very great distances, and is designed to fly at heights giving it considerable immunity from ground defences. All details of the new bomber are still secret, but its design, which has been under development

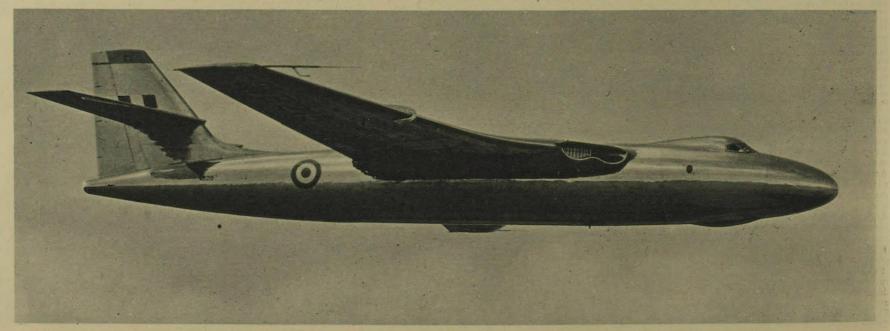
since 1947, is based on the small Avro 707A and 707B delta-wing research aircraft. The prototype A698 is powered with four Rolls-Royce Avon axial flow turbo-jets and a "considerable number" have already been ordered for the R.A.F. After its initial flight, the test pilot, Mr. R. J. Falk, stated that it handled excellently and that he had been able to carry out a number of manœuvres. In addition to its military significance, the success of this design is believed to point to a new era in airliner design, with capacious passenger compartments in the delta wing.



THE GLOSTER JAVELIN DELTA-WING ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER—THE FIRST BRITISH DELTA-WING OPERATIONAL AIRCRAFT—WHICH HAS FREQUENTLY FLOWN ABOVE THE SPEED OF SOUND. IT IS POWERED WITH TWO ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SAPPHIRE AXIAL COMPRESSOR JETS. ONE OF THE SIX "SUPER-PRIORITY" TYPES.



THE BRISTOL BRITANNIA AIRLINER—WHICH PROMISES TO BE THE MOST ECONOMICAL AIRLINER YET PRODUCED IN THIS COUNTRY. IT HAS FOUR BRISTOL PROTEUS AIRSCREW TURBINES AND WILL BE COMPLEMENTARY TO THE COMETS IN SERVING B.O.A.C.'S LONG-STAGE PASSENGER OPERATIONS.



AMONG THE SIX TYPES TO WHICH "SUPER-PRIORITY" HAS BEEN GIVEN: THE VICKERS VALIANT FOUR-JET BOMBER WITH CLASSIC LINES, CONSIDERED ONE OF THE FINEST LONG-RANGE BOMBERS YET ORDERED FOR ANY AIR FORCE. LIKE THE AVRO A698, IT IS POWERED WITH FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE AVONS.

In view of the lead which British aviation now appears to be giving to the world, this year's annual flying display and exhibition of the Society of British Aircraft Constructors, which opened at Farnborough on September 1, remaining open until September 7, may well claim to be the world's most significant and important display of aircraft. Of sixty different aircraft shown, some

twelve are completely new aircraft making their first appearance at an S.B.A.C. exhibition. Exhibited are the six aircraft to whose production the Government has given "super-priority": the Hawker Hunter, the Vickers-Supermarine Swift—both day fighters; the Vickers Valiant four-jet bomber; the English Electric Canberra, twin-jet tactical bomber; the delta-wing Gloster Javelin [Continued opposite.]

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE FARNBOROUGH EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTORS:



THE VICKERS-SUPERMARINE SWIFT SWEPT-WING DAY FIGHTER: WITH THE HAWKER HUNTER, ONE OF THE R.A.F.'S FIRST SWEPT-WING TYPES—EXPECTED TO REGAIN FOR BRITAIN ITS LEAD IN SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTERS. THE SWIFT IS POWERED WITH A SINGLE ROLLS-ROYCE AVON AXIAL FLOW JET.



(ABOVE.)

THE WORLD'S FIRST FOUR-JET DELTA-WING BOMBER: THE AVRO A698 IN FLIGHT. THIS MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT ON AUGUST 30. IT IS FOW-PRED BY FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE AUGH ANIAL-FLOW TURBO-JETS AND IS SAID TO FLY FASTER, HIGHER AND FURTHER WITH A BIGGER LOAD MORE ECONOMICALLY THAN ANY OTHER AIRCRET.

consinued.

all-weather fighter; and the Fairey Gannet anti-submarine aircraft. Among important civil airliners making their début was the Bristol Britannia, an economical 100-seat turboprop passenger aircraft. The giant Princess flying-boat, whose future is as yet in doubt, was to fly over the exhibition. The Canberra and Comet were both on show; as also was the huge freighter, the Blackburn and Ceneral Aircraft Universal, of which a number have been ordered for the R.A.F.



THE BLACKBURN AND GENERAL AIRCRAFT UNIVERSAL FREIGHTER, THE LARGEST BRITISH FREIGHTER, CAPABLE OF CARRYING A BUS. AT PRESENT POWERED WITH BRISTOL HERCULES ENGINES BUT LATER TO BE FITTED WITH CENTAURUS ENGINES. ORDERED IN QUANTITY FOR THE R.A.F.



#### By ARTHUR BRYANT.

BY the death of H. J. Massingham the other day England lost a far greater writer and Englishman than is at present realised. Those who take their stand against the popular movements of their time seldom receive recognition during their lives. The more powerful their genius, the louder and harsher the clamour against them. The reward for Socrates' wisdom was a cup of hemlock. John Massingham in his latter years was meted out what must have seemed to him almost as bitter a cup. The truths for which he pleaded and in which he so passionately believed were meted out what must have seemed to him almost as bitter a cup. The truths for which he pleaded and in which he so passionately believed were derided by contemptuous critics, and he himself was termed a sentimentalist and an escapist. The distress he suffered, not from personal neglect—for he was the least vain of men—but from the disregard by his age of all the deeper values in which he believed—was accentuated because he was crippled and, during the last decade of his life, in almost constant pain and ill-health. For the sake of his beliefs he was ready to sacrifice everything, but it would be an exaggeration to say that he endured gladly. He felt every barb acutely.

He felt every barb acutely.

Yet, under an occasional irritableness and impatience which arose from continual physical suffering and an extreme sensitiveness, he was the gentlest and tenderest-hearted of creatures. For the last decade of his life, drawn to him partly by common beliefs, and partly by the charm and sincerity of his nature, I enjoyed the privilege and happiness of his friendship, and I never met a man more inherently lovable. It was as though the

things he loved and he loved them with childlike and passionate in-tensity—had become part of his nature; the flowers, fruits flowers, fruits and vines he tended, the English countryside he described with such deep understanding and, at times, lyrical inspiration; the craftsmen husbandmen, skilful, humble and honourable, whom he so fervently cham-pioned; the gentle, shaggy sheepdogs in whose fidelity and sagacity he so delighted. There was in him so strong a per-ception of what constituted goodness in man,

beast and plant

ness in man, chapter to the history of aeronautics and emphasizes again the peerless quality beast and plant and so deep a despair at its lack, that at times his heart could scarcely contain what he felt, and his gnarled, crab-apple, pain-lined face became suffused with the strength of his admiration or anger. But for the never-failing love and care of his wife, who shared all his journeys and battles, his tortured body could never have survived so long as it did the strain of continuous work and the intensity of his feelings; his survival during these last years was a continuous triumph of spirit over matter. So was the campaign he conducted on behalf of what seemed to the overwhelming majority of his contemporaries, and at times to himself, a lost cause. But it was not a lost cause. As he knew deep down, even in his most depressed moments—and they must have been many—it was bound ultimately to triumph, even though for a time its eclipse might involve his country and the whole human race in misery and disaster. It was bound to triumph, because as he saw so clearly, it was that of the law of Nature, of the divine ordering of the world and universe. His championship of organic farming, of the family, of skilled craftsmanship and husbandry, did not arise, as his critics supposed, from sentimental or æsthetic motives, but from a strong and very English sense of reality which was increasingly reinforced by his study of the practise and history of good husbandry and craftsmanship. His accumulated knowledge of what practical Englishmen had done in the past, and a few were still doing in the present, to make the utmost of the natural resources of their country, was greater than that of any man living or, indeed, of any former scholar of whom I can think: "Of the green mansion we know as England," he wrote, "they with Nature were the builders." That the man who made himself their historian sometimes made mistakes and errors of detail was evidence, not of want of scholarship, but of the immense range he covered. It embr were the builders." That the man who made himself their historian sometimes made mistakes and errors of detail was evidence, not of want of scholarship, but of the immense range he covered. It embraced almost every art of rustic life practised in this country during the past four centuries. That the greater part of that knowledge had been orally transmitted by its practitioners and seldom committed to paper made Massingham's achievement as a scholar all the more remarkable. That it was almost completely unnoticed in academic circles, or, so far as it was noticed at all, derided,

is a measure of the degree to which the study of history in this country has become abstract and divorced from reality.

For Massingham, as I have written, was above all things a realist. He had his hero Cobbett's contempt for everything that was not orderly, useful, economical and wholly efficient: not efficient, that is, merely in the financier's or monoculturist's sense, which, as he saw, was always in the long run grossly inefficient, since it neglected the whole for the part, but efficient in the sense of achieving that germinating unity of man's skill and love with Nature's law—and, he would have added, of God's will—which is the source of all earthly creation. His eyes, as he wrote of Cobbett's "never separated what was useful from what was beautiful. . . . A smiling land and a smiling people living on it and by it, this was his earthly paradise." He hated, like Cobbett, what he once described during a wartime journey across Wiltshire, as "more gates open than shut, more gates that could not be shut than could, more gates broken than whole, tousled heaps of straw by the stacks, dishevelled combined fields, stacks growing out, tumbled or gaping drystone walls, ivy-covered trees, indifferently-ploughed fields, weedy pastures, dilapidated farm buildings, even barbed wire sagging or twisted." The sight of the contrary, of good order, good husbandry, fine craftsmanship, wise and gracious living—the fruits of sustained industry, love, patience, faith and balanced thinking—aroused in him an intense joy and thankfulness. No man ever loved his country more passionately or unders to od

passionately or better all that was greatest in herachievement. From it he drew his courage and his inspiration.
"We came in sight of Romsey Abbey and both fell silent. That lion of lovely strength on its low mound was a rebuke to full despair, and we drew upon its healing power. What man did once he can do again, if only the

conditions can be righted."\* Massingham's philosophy — of the indispensable link between God, man and Nature—was like Charles I.'s head for Mr. Dick; it crept into everyon topography, horticulture,



RECORD-BREAKING Canberra JET BOMBER WELCOMED ON RETURNING TO THE R.A.F. AUGUST 26, AFTER A TWO-WAY ATLANTIC FLIGHT.

Polish Electric Canberra jet bomber in flight on its record-breaking double crossing niberra flew from the R.A.F. airfield at Aldergrove, Northern Ireland, to a point secs., at an average speed of 454-89 m.p.h., and after an interval of two hours, mins. 18:31 secs., at an average speed of 605:52 m.p.h. On its return it was lick cloud and rain. In a message to Mr. R. P. Beamont, the firm's chief test arty congratulations on a magnificent achievement, which adds another brilliant

archæology, history, literature, agriculture, music, painting, craftsmanship. Frequently it did so to his personal loss and detriment, since it wearied the thoughtless or escapist reader of his otherwise charming writings and aroused the archer than the control of the control Frequently it did so to his personal loss and detriment, since it wearied the thoughtless or escapist reader of his otherwise charming writings and aroused the anger of the vested interests against which he unceasingly fought. Yet what a true, noble and profound philosophy it was! How much deeper, for instance, even than that of such a greater contemporary thinker as Bertrand Russell or, on a far lower level, than that of that magnificent writer and brilliant but facile populariser, H. G. Wells. The gods of our age and of the age that led to our disastrous age were false gods. John Massingham, increasingly throughout his life, fought for true gods. During much of his time he seemed to be fighting for them almost alone. When posterity surveys our epoch and its folly, this prophet who warned us of an impending fate will not be forgotten. In his last book, published shortly before his death, he wrote of a former forest on the Welsh border, "All has now been so savagely cut over that hardly a tree is to be seen except the conifers of the Forestry Commission, themselves to be clear-felled. . . . Everywhere I saw the voids where trees once stood, filled in with a litter of bramble, willowherb and tussocky whitegrass. . . . The whole area is a dismal derelict waste, an upland hell and the bleakest of monuments to man's suicidal folly and cupidity. Wentwood as it was and as it is is a speck of that vast area of the earth's surface where the fire-roar and the saw-crash of the forests reverberate through the continents, Africa, Asia, the Americas, Australia, and now in our own country. Behind the prostrate trunks come the winds and the waters, scooping up and flinging into the seas and silted rivers the top-soil without which man is blotted from the world and will vanish for ever in the dust-storms of his own making."† Whether we agree or not, we are listening to the counterpart of an Old Testament prophet. History teaches that, however unpalatable such warnings, it is as well sometimes to listen—and to heed. sometimes to listen-and to heed.

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;Wisdom of the Fields." (Collins.) Pp. 241-2.

†"The Southern Marches." (Hale.) P. 352.

#### SOUVENIRS OF THE CORONATION: SOME SELECTED MEDALS AND PLAQUE.



ONE OF TWO SUCCESSFUL DESIGNS BY MR. N. A. TRENT APPROVED BY THE CORONATION MEDALS PANEL.



#### FOR CORONATION MEDALS AND SOUVENIRS: SEVEN RECOMMENDED DESIGNS.



A PLASTER CAST OF THE SECOND DESIGN BY MR. N. A. TRENT, SHOWING THE QUEEN CROWNED AND IN ERMINE.

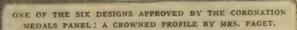
Continued.]
by Mr. N. A. Trent (2), Mr. Paul
Vincze, Mr. E. R. Bevan, Mr. G. H.
Paulin and Mrs. Paget—are those
which have been selected from
forty casts submitted by designers
throughout the country to the
Coronation Medals Panel of the
National Jewellers' Association;
and they are recommended to
medal manufacturers who intend
to produce Coronation Medals suitable for presentation to school-

able for presentation to school-children throughout the country during Coronation time; and these casts are available to manufacturers [Continued below.

THE seven Coronation Medal versions of the Queen's head shown on this page are not official versions. The official medal is the concern of the Royal Mint and the chosen design. was not known at the date of writing. The seven shown here fall into two groups: first, the one by Mr. T. Humphrey Paget, which has been chosen by the Coronation Souvenirs Committee of the Council of Industrial Design; and second, the six others, which have been approved by the Coronation Medals Panel of the National Continued below.

THE ALUMINIUM SILICON PLAQUE, APPROVED BY THE COUNCIL OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN: BY MR. T. HUMPHREY PAGET, O.B.E. THIS DESIGN IS RECOMMENDED FOR VARIOUS MATERIALS, INCLUDING GLASS AND LEATHER.





Jewellers' Association. The first—the design in the centre of the page and that chosen by the Council of Industrial Design—is by Mr. T. Humphrey Paget, who is one of Britain's leading designers of coins, medals, seals and badges, and who is probably best known for his portrait-head of King George VI. on the coinage. This low relief is being produced in a circular plaque of 8½ ins. diameter in aluminium silicon alloy, and the design is recommended to manufacturers of souvenirs in metal, pottery, glass, plastics, leather and other materials who wish to incorporate a suitable likeness of her Majesty in relief. It is understood that this design has been seen by her Majesty. The other six designs—those [Continued above, right.]

ONE OF THE SIX DESIGNS SUITABLE FOR REPRODUCTION ON MEDALS: THE CROWNED PROFILE BY MR. G. H. PAULIN.



THE CROWNED PROFILE OF THE QUEEN BY MR. E. R. BEVAN: ONE OF THE SIX RECOMMENDED DESIGNS.

Continued.]
on terms to be arranged with the designers. The Coronation Medals Panel is an advisory committee, and its members include Mr. L. L. H. Thompson, Deputy Master of the Royal Mint, Mr. P. H. Jowett, a member of the Mint Advisory Committee, and Mr. Gordon Russell, Director of the Council of Industrial Design. Since the designs chosen by this panel are for unofficial medals, manufactured commercially, they do not require approval by the Coronation Joint Committee; but the object of this system of recommendation is to achieve as high a standard as possible by making a range of good designs available, although the manufacturers can choose any other designs they wish.

## BOUGHT BY THE QUEEN MOTHER: BARROGILL CASTLE, IN CAITHNESS.





(ABOVE.) LOOKING WEST-WARDS TO DUNNET HEAD, THE MOST NOR-THERLY POINT OF THE MAINLAND OF BRITAIN: A VIEW FROM BARROGILL CASTLE, RECENTLY BOUGHT BY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.

N August 24 it was announced that Queen Mother had purchased Barrogill Castle, Caithness, from the owner, Captain F. B. Imbert-Terry. The Queen Mother visited the Castle several times during June, when she was staying with Commander C. G. Vyner and Lady Doris Vyner at Northern Gate, Dunnet, not far away. It was known that she described the scenery as "absolutely lovely," and she is said to have admired particularly the view from the first-floor drawing-room at Barrogill Castle (our upper, right picture), in which on a clear day Scapa Flow and all the southern part of the Orkneys are

(LEFT.) BARROGILL CASTLE FROM THE NORTH-NORTH-EAST. PROBABLY BUILT BETWEEN 1566 AND 1572, AND MANY YEARS THE SEAT OF THE EARLS OF CAITHNESS, IT IS ONE OF SCOTLAND'S OLDEST INHABITED HOUSES.



(ABOVE.) THE VIEW THE QUEEN MOTHER PARTICU-LARLY ADMIRED: LOOKING FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM WINDOWS OF BARROGILL CASTLE ACROSS THE PENT-LAND FIRTH TO THE ISLE OF HOY, ON THE HORIZON.

laid out, with ships of all nations passing in a continuous flow through the Pentland Firth, a few miles below the windows. Barrogill Castle, formerly called the Castle o' Mey, or Mey Castle, was built about the middle of the sixteenth century, and is believed to be the oldest inhabited "Z" Castle in Scotland. A "Z" castle is one with two towers at the diagonally opposed corners of the main block. It was for many years the seat of the Earls of Caithness, until the death, about sixty years ago, of the last and fifteenth Earl. In reply to a message of welcome from Caithness County Council," the Queen Mother telegraphed: "... I assure you that I am greatly looking forward to my visits to the Castle of Mey." Barrogill Castle suffered some damage in the January gales, but repair work has already begun.

(RIGHT.)
IN THE FORECOURT OF BARROGILL CASTLE, THE LARGE ASH IN THE FOREGROUND IS ONE OF TWO "ROYAL" TREES PLANTED IN 1876 BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES, LATER KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA.





## THE YEAR BEFORE D-DAY.

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"THE SECOND WORLD WAR. VOLUME V. CLOSING THE RING"; By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"A ND panting time toiled after him in vain," wrote Dr. Johnson. The statement is obviously hyperbolic: we may have broken the "soundbarrier," but breaking the time-barrier (and I apologise to crystal-gazers and the shade of that fascinating genius J. W. Dunne) is another business, at the conception of which imagination reels. Mr. Churchill the historian, at one period a statesman with the world on his shoulders, and still a statesman whose brain, energy and resourcefulness are daily called on for a partial support of that weight, goes resolutely on with his recording of the history which he had a great share in making; and, at the end of his new book, is only eight years behind Time. How he contrives to do it is a matter of astonishment to comparative idlers like myself. He drives himself; there are no bounds to his determination; he is resolved to describe those great events which he has witnessed and in which he took a supreme part. This book was finished just before he became Prime Minister. We can only hope that, with his multifarious responsibilities, he is

managing to get on with his sixth volume. For it will have more bearing than the rest on the present situation. This volume is largely concerned with the discussions, plans and negotiations which were pre-liminary to the opening of the "Second Front" (the Communist term, Mr. Churchill preferring "Third Front") in Normandy, and it ends just after our landing. But the critical meetings with the Russians are still to come. We have still to hear from Mr. Churchill his views about the three-cornered discussions between the leaders of Britain, Russia and the United States, which led to the present states, which led to the present ghastly situation. The Russians are in Warsaw, Bucharest, Budapest, Sofia, Berlin and Vienna. At one time we were dropping supplies by air to the inhabitants of Berlin, meekly surrendering the control of landamyroaches to Russia. To day approaches to Russia. To-day, our men are fighting and dying in Korea, under the flag of U.N.O., an organisation to which the Russians belong, against an army of alleged North Koreans, fully supported by Russian

Why were the Bolsheviks allowed to "get away with it"? It is "anybody's guess"; but my guess is that that kindly man, the late President Roosevelt, thought that he had got on friendly terms, as a fellow wisher-for-peace, with Stalin, referred to in the correspondence in this book as "Uncle Joe" and "the Bear." Mark Twain, a shrewd and enchanting American, wrote a book called "The Innocents Abroad."

President Wilson was certainly an Innocent Abroad. Provisionally, pending the appearance of Mr. Churchill's next volume, I think that Franklin Roosevelt was also an Innocent Abroad. Thousands of miles away in their vast country, their miscellaneous ancestors having shaken the dust of the Old World off their feet, they simply cannot believe that there are people in the Old World whose conceptions of life are different from theirs. I recommend to the intelligent inquirer a novel called "The Tea-House of the August Moon," recently published. It is by an American citizen who was in control of a district in Okinawa; and it shows how a contingent of American officers, detailed to train the Japanese to the "American Way of Life," surrender, and with pleasure, to the Japanese "Way of Life." "Isolation" can't go on: this morning, as I write, it is reported that a Canberra has crossed the Atlantic both ways in just under eight hours. "One World" was the title of an American book: one world it is.

an American book: one world it is.

Why have I wandered thus? Simply because Mr.
Churchill's book is so stimulating and so provocative,

making one think of past, present and future. It swarms with meetings, maps and documents. It records the fall of Mussolini, the tension with General de Gaulle, the slow crawl up the Italian boot (and I think future military historians may have something to say about that), the cold-blooded incomprehension of Moscow about our Arctic convoys, which they took without a "thank-you," the Teheran Conference, the complications in Yugoslavia and Greece, the divisions of opinion about Burma. Even on the eve of the Normandy invasion it appears that President Roosevelt (an amateur equivalent to Lloyd George in the First War) apparently wanted to divert forces to an invasion of Arakan, on the east side of the Bay of Bengal. That, at least, he wasn't allowed. But we, who through all the African and Italian campaigns had had a majority of troops in the field (quite apart from the Navy), were obliged at last to surrender command in Europe, put ourselves under the orders of General Eisenhower. We couldn't have done better. He got on with everybody, politicians and

the national emergency no longer justifies abrogation of individual rights of habeas corpus and trial by jury on definite charges." In 1944 he addresses the Minister of Fuel and Power: "I hope you will put a stop to nonsense like this [report in the Yorkshire Post that a householder was fined fr, with two guineas costs, for having borrowed coal from a neighbour]. Nothing makes departments so unpopular as these acts of petty bureaucratic folly which come to light from time to time, and are, I fear, only typical of a vast amount of silly wrongdoing by small officials or committees. You should make an example of the people concerned with this." Equally candid is a piece of advice to the First Lord and the First Sea Lord. "Do not hesitate to be blunt with these Russians when they become unduly truculent. This is better done by manner and attitude than by actual words, which can be reported, and also by neglect of certain civilities to the superior people when they have been intolerably offensive. They should certainly be given a feeling that we are not afraid of them." To Sir Alexander Cadogan, in April, 1944, in regard to "Unconditional Surrender," he wrote: "I have pointed out to the Cabinet that the actual terms contemplated

Cadogan, in April, 1944, in regard to "Unconditional Surrender," he wrote: "I have pointed out to the Cabinet that the actual terms contemplated for Germany are not of a character to reassure them at all, if stated in detail. Both President Roosevelt and Marshal Stalin at Teheran wished to cut Germany into smaller pieces than I had in mind. Stalin spoke of very large mass executions of 50,000 of the staffs and military experts. Whether he was joking or not could not be ascertained. The atmosphere was jovial, but also grim." "Uncle Joe," at that stage, was turning into the Wicked Uncle, with the President and the Prime Minister as the Babes in the Wood. Mr. Churchill was never quite mentally a Babe in the Wood, but his companion drew him on.

A charming interlude in the book is provided by the correspondence between our late and gallant King George VI. and his Prime Minister. Mr. Churchill, zealous as always to be on the spot, wanted to witness the bombardment preliminary to the Normandy invasion. "When I attended my weekly luncheon with the King on Tuesday, May 30, His Majesty asked me where I intended to be on D-Day. I replied that I proposed to witness the bombardment from one of the cruiser squadrons. His Majesty immediately said he would like to come too. He had not been under fire except in air raids since the Battle of Jutland, and eagerly welcomed the prospect of

eagerly welcomed the prospect of renewing the experiences of his youth." The King thought it over and came to the conclusion that it would be better, at that juncture, if neither of them risked their lives. "I don't think," he wrote (the letter begins "My dear Winston"), "I need emphasise what it would mean to me personally, and to the whole Allied cause, if at this juncture a chance bomb, torpedo, or even a mine, should remove you from the scene; equally a change of Sovereign at this moment would be a serious matter for the country and Empire. We should both, I know, love to be there, but in all seriousness I ask you to reconsider your plan. Our presence, I feel, would be an embarrassment to those responsible for fighting the ship or ships in which we were, despite anything we might say to them." The argument went on. The King wrote: "I am a younger man than you, I am a sailor, and as King I am head of all these Services."

In the end Mr. Churchill was beaten. He is still rueful, because the ship in which he would have gone was never touched by shell or bomb. But that good, gentle and brave King was quite right.

#### PONTOON PIERS

All floating piers suffer from the disadvantage of having to be securely moored with heavy anchors. Even then they are most vulnerable and will not stand up to a gale of wind. The strength of the tide is so great that the moorings will have to be very large. If large pontoons were moored, 20 yards apart, at least 200 anchors would be required. The sea-ward end of a floating pier must be particularly well moored and the mooring chains form an obstacle to ships coming alongside. Owing to the poor ratio between the weight of a floating pontoons and the weight they can carry, and to their vulnerability to sea wind and tide, they are not favoured in comparison with scaffolding piers on open beaches.

They went floor up a down as the tide.

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FACSIMILE SHOWING MR. CHURCHILL'S MINUTE OF MAY 30, 1942.

Reproduced from the book "The Second World War. Volume V. Closing the Ring"; by courtesy of the publisher, Cassell and Co., Ltd., and "The Daily Telegraph."

Service chiefs, from top to bottom. A quiet, thinking man, he was "Ike" to the troops and "Ike" to Churchill and Roosevelt. He is now (I think they call it) "running for President" in the United States. His opponent seems to be an equally intelligent and decent man. As spectators we in Europe can have the consolation that, whichever party in the States wins, the next President will be a man whose notions reach beyond the parish pump—or oil-wells.

The historian of the future will find this work invaluable because of the facts it contains. To the present-day lay reader the most enjoyable passages are those in which Mr. Churchill, the man-of-letters, the autobiographer, the shrewd and humorous observer, allows his pen free play—and that covers the many letters from his pen. Very often one can hear his voice, in tones playful or stern. In 1943, urging the Home Secretary to release the Mosleys, he wrote: "Extraordinary powers assumed by the Executive with the consent of Parliament in emergencies should be yielded up when and as the emergency declines. Nothing can be more abhorrent to democracy than to imprison a person or keep him in prison because he is unpopular. This is really the test of civilisation": and, four days later, "I am convinced 18B should be completely abolished, as

e "The Second World War: Vol. V. Closing the Ring." By Winston S. Churchill. Maps and Diagrams. (Cassell; 30s.) Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 390 of this issue.

## THE HERMES CRASH OFF TRAPANI: SURVIVORS AND THE RESCUE BOAT.



WITH HER CAPTAIN, GIUSEPPE BARRACCO: THE SICILIAN MOTOR FISHING-BOAT NUOVO PINUCCIO, WHICH PICKED UP THE MAJOR NUMBER OF SURVIVORS FROM THE HERMES IV. CHARTER AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED NEAR TRAPANI.



RECOVERED FROM THE SEA: LANDING WHEELS AND PART OF THE FUSELAGE OF THE AIRCRAFT WHICH CRASHED IN THE SEA NEAR TRAPANI, SICILY, ON AUGUST 25 WITH A LOSS OF SEVEN LIVES.



WITH THEIR TWO-AND-A-HALF-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER
JANE: MR. AND MRS. D. C. DRIVER, OF CROWBOROUGH,
SUSSEX, ON ARRIVAL AT BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT, GREAT
BRITAIN, ON AUGUST 28.



IN THE HOSPITAL AT TRAPANI AFTER THEIR RESCUE FROM THE CRASHED AIRCRAFT: MR. J. A. HOBSON AND HIS YOUNG SON. MRS. HOBSON WAS ONE OF THOSE<sup>†</sup> WHO LOST THEIR LIVES.



WITH MISS A. L. KILVERT, ONE OF THE OTHER SUR-VIVORS: LITTLE ROSALIE BARBOUR, WHOSE MOTHER IS STILL IN HOSPITAL, ON ARRIVAL AT BLACKBUSHE AIRPORT ON AUGUST 28.



AFTER THEY HAD BEEN RESCUED FROM THE SEA AND LANDED AT TRAPANI BY SICILIAN FISHERMEN: A GROUP OF THE SURVIVORS, SHOWN BEFORE THEY WERE TAKEN TO TRAPANI HOSPITAL. THEY OWE THEIR LIVES TO THE PROMPTITUDE OF THE FISHERMEN AND THE ITALIAN AUTHORITIES.



WITH THE YOUNGEST SURVIVOR OF THE HEBMES CRASH:
MR. PARKINS, THE BRITISH VICE-CONSUL AT TRAPANI, AFTER
THE RESCUE BY FISHING-BOATS.

Early on the morning of August 25 one of the Hermes IV. aircraft belonging to Airwork, a leading British charter aircraft firm, came down in the sea off Trapani, Sicily. On charter to the Sudan Government, it had left Blackbushe en route for Khartoum with fifty-seven people on board—a crew of six and fifty-one passengers, Sudan Government officials and their families, including infants and young children. Engine trouble developed and a forced landing was made. Passengers, who had been warned to put on life-jackets, got out of the aircraft (which was fitted with back-facing seats) by hatches; but three

persons were drowned and four must be presumed dead for, at the time of writing, they are still missing. The aircraft remained afloat for some ten minutes, and Captain Winsland, chief pilot, swam about seeing that passengers' life-jackets were inflated. A single flare let off by the Hermes had been seen by Sicilian fishing-boats, which came to the rescue. An Italian rescue seaplane was also alerted. The first batch of the survivors reached Blackbushe Airport on August 28. Some were suffering from burns and there were three stretchercases. Official inquiries are being held into the cause of the disaster.

## LIGHT WORK TO EASE LIFE FOR THE OLD: A SUCCESSFUL WELFARE SCHEME.



HAPPILY ENGAGED ON PAID PART-TIME WORK UNDER THE FINSBURY BOROUGH SCHEME FOR EMPLOYING OLD PEOPLE: WOMEN FILLING UP INDEXING CARDS FOR THE BOROUGH LIBRARY AND, IN THE FOREGROUND, PACKING FOOT-COMFORT DEVICES

WITH THE FULL-TIME ORGANISER, WHO IS GIVING OUT A FRESH SUPPLY: ONE OF THE ELDERLY MEN WORKERS TESTING REFILLS FOR BALL-POINT PENS AND (BACKGROUND) A



SUMMONING WORKERS TO TEA BY TAPPING ON THE CEILING WITH A BROOM: THE "TEA LADY" WITH (LEFT) WORKERS MAKING COAT-HANGERS; (BACKGROUND) PACKING AND WEIGHING LAMBSWOOL; (RIGHT) PREPARING CANVAS STRAPS FOR STENCILLING, THREADING ELASTIC FOR THUMB-STALLS, AND ASSEMBLING CONSTITUENT PARTS OF DROP BOTTLES.

The welfare of the old presents problems which, under modern conditions have become increasingly acute. Loneliness and a feeling of uselessness often make life a misery to men and women when the shadows are lengthening on the lawns of life; full-time employment is no longer possible, and the family circle has been disrupted. Thus the enterprise started by the Finsbury Borough Council some eighteen months ago, of providing old men and women with light, paid part-time work is of great interest. Three floors of a house in St. John Street, near the Angel, are in use as workrooms, and over fifty men and women, for the most part between seventy and eighty years of age, carry out light tasks there for two hours daily from Monday to Friday, and are paid at a flat rate of 10s. a week for their

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



AN ENTERPRISE WHICH RELIEVES OLD AGE OF ITS LONELINESS AND COMBATS FAILING FACULTIES AND THE OF USELESSNESS: ELDERLY WORKERS BUSILY ENGAGED IN PAID LIGHT WORK IN CONGENIAL SURROUNDINGS.

When the Medical Officer for Health, Finsbury Borough, Dr. Blyth Brooke, envisaged the scheme of providing elderly people with light, paid work, several voluntary associations were approached; and a helpful response was received from the Employment Bureau. Half the old people who are employed work for two hours in the morning, the remainder for the same time in the afternoon. They are regular in their attendance, and some have regained health and confidence studies to thoroughly that they have left to take up full-time occupation outside. Two kinds of work are undertaken at the workshops in St. John Street, near the Angel—"out-work" and "home industries." The former include the making of elastic tapes for finger-stalls, which calls for some ten small operations; one performed

Drawn by our Special Artist, Bryan de Grinzau.

by means of an eyeletting machine (shown in our drawing: background). The glass tubes, rubber and screw-tops for the small bottles used by chemists for eye-drops and so forth are assembled; and webbing straps are prepared and stencilled with the names of the boot-manufacturing firm which requires them (as depicted on this page). Other "out work" consists of packing medical supplies, and stitching plastic bags for cosmetics. The "home industries" include the making of padded coat-hangers (40,000 have been produced), and women expert with sewing-machines make aprons, overalls and nightdresses. The work is expanding rapidly, and its present needs are funds for further development and one or two volunteers to help the organiser in her many duties.

## WINDOW ON THE WORLD. WASHINGTON IN AUGUST.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

IN London, when they talk of "the worst summer for twenty years," or the worst they remember, they mean the coldest or the wettest, or both. When they use the same words in Washington, they mean the hottest. And they are using those words now. The heat has been positively ferocious. Waves of it seem to ricochet off the tallest buildings and hit the passer-by in the face. Yet it is not the sheer temperature, though the thermometer has been hard worked, that is so trying, but the quality of the atmosphere. The negro liftman, who was groaning too, assured me that shower-baths helped very little in this humidity, and I think he was right, though I go on taking them. It sets me wondering how the great Government departments function in this inferno. One branch that I visited had its windows wide open, and so shared the outside temperature. And, great as are the benefits of air-conditioning, one suffers even more than usual from the heat of the streets when one leaves an air-conditioned room. I have had to go about a great deal, and have been unable to take refuge for long at a time in artificially cooled air. And, whereas with us, rain nearly always brings instant relief, here it has done nothing but raise the percentage of humidity to even more intolerable heights.

We grumble at home about the size of our bureaucracy, but it is dispersed over a huge city. We cannot recognise the "high-ups," men in black coats and striped trousers, with umbrellas—when we see the crowds crossing the roads or pouring into the railway stations, or cramming the buses, in the evening. Washington is a city of bureaucrats. Thirty thousand work in the Pentagon alone, certainly resort there. Here

bureaucrats. Thirty thousand work in the Pentagon alone, certainly resort there. Here certainly resort there. Here in the evenings the thousands upon thousands pressing homewards are as near as makes no matter all bureaucrats—indeed, the business world commonly knocks off later. It is indeed a sight to see and wonder at. Here in summer the distinguishing mark of the "high-up" is his beautifully laundered suit of linen rayon, or cotton, while linen rayon, or cotton, while those of a lower grade wear no coats and turn their shirtno coats and turn their shirt-sleeves up above the elbows. The ladies are all immaculate in the lightest of summer clothes and the most up-to-date of coiffures or "hair-do's." The throng seems endless. The!onlooker wonders where they are all housed.

It may be an exaggeration to say that Americans are becoming restive on this subject for the first time, but it cannot be denied that they are becoming decidedly more it cannot be denied that they are becoming decidedly more restive than they have ever been before. This impatience is reflected, though so far only dimly, by certain cuts in funds allotted to the departments. It extends, however, far beyond the confines of the bureaucracy, and after the Presidential Election it may become of international importance. importance.

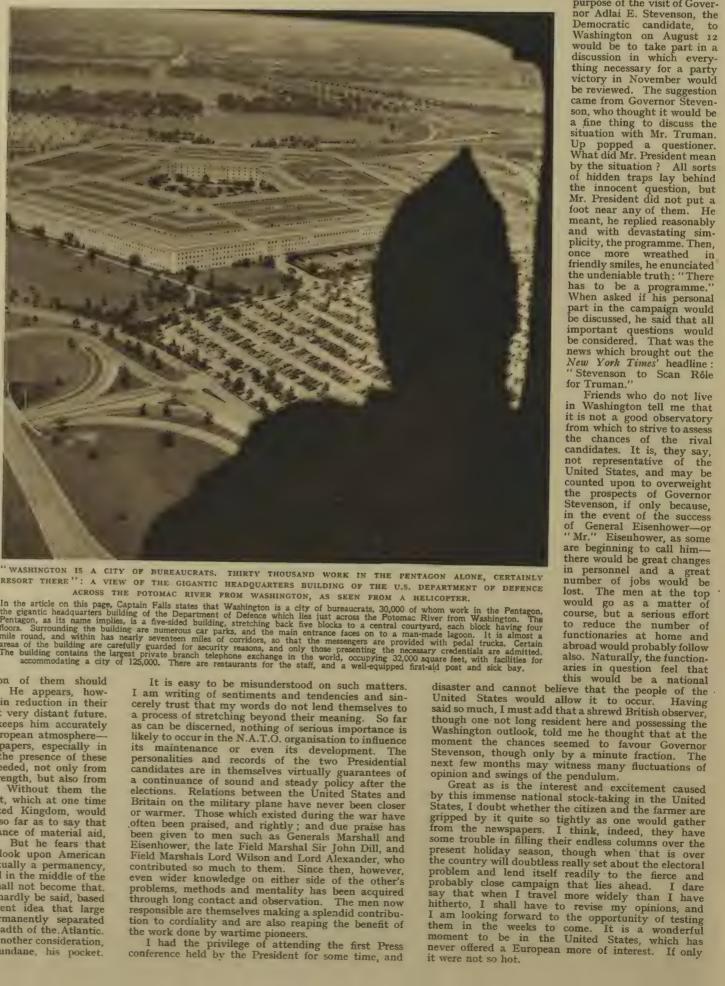
importance.

The citizen is beginning also to be concerned by the size of American establishments abroad, from Embassies and agencies to the armed forces themselves. The average citizen of moderate views appears to consider it views that American forces.

average citizen of moderate views appears to consider it right that American forces should be stationed in Europe, and that a proportion of them should remain there for the present. He appears, however, to be hoping that a certain reduction in their strength can be made in the not very distant future. To the extent that his Press keeps him accurately informed about the Western European atmosphere—which is not true of all newspapers, especially in Election year—he realises that the presence of these American forces was urgently needed, not only from the point of view of physical strength, but also from that of moral encouragement. Without them the improvement in the will to resist, which at one time hardly existed outside the United Kingdom, would not have occurred. He will go so far as to say that he would like to see a continuance of material aid, "on the most generous scale." But he fears that Western Europe is inclined to look upon American forces in present strength as virtually a permanency, and he—I speak still of my friend in the middle of the road—is determined that they shall not become that. This view is, in part, it need hardly be said, based on sentiment. It is an abhorrent idea that large American forces should be permanently separated from their native land by the breadth of the Atlantic. It is un-American. Yet there is another consideration, not discreditable, but more mundane, his pocket.

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

The average American of all classes works very hard. He enjoys producing for its own sake, but the financial incentive also counts very highly with the highly-placed executive, the mechanic, and all grades between them. If they glory in work, they expect to be rewarded for it. We have found in our own country that taxation removes incentives. I am not suggesting that this has happened in the United States to anything like the same extent as in the United Kingdom, but the tendency is already felt. Nor am I suggesting that there will be a sensational cut in defence expenditure or in any form of aid to Western Europe or in Asia, whether the next President be Republican or Democrat. Just before I sailed it was announced that there would be a reduction in the number of men called up for the fighting forces. This has caused hardly a ripple upon Washington waters, but is assuredly being talked over behind closed doors. It is no secret that the recent visit of the British Chief of the Air Staff has had some connection with it.



"WASHINGTON IS A CITY OF BUREAUCRATS. THIRTY THOUSAND WORK IN THE PENTAGON ALONE, CERTAINLY RESORT THERE": A VIEW OF THE GIGANTIC HEADQUARTERS BUILDING OF THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE ACROSS THE POTOMAC RIVER FROM WASHINGTON, AS SEEN FROM A HELICOPTER.

In the article on this page, Captain Falls states that Washington is a city of bureaucrats, 30,000 of whom work in the Pentagon, the gigantic headquarters building of the Department of Defence which lies just across the Potomac River from Washington. The floors. Surrounding the building are numerous car parks, and the main entrance faces on to a man-made lagoon. It is almost a areas of the building are carefully guarded for security reasons, and only those presenting the necessary credentials are admitted. The building contains the largest private branch telephone exchange in the world, occupying 32,000 square feet, with facilities for accommodating a city of 125,000. There are restaurants for the staff, and a well-equipped first-aid post and sick bay.

It is easy to be misunderstood on such matters. I am writing of sentiments and tendencies and sincerely trust that my words do not lend themselves to a process of stretching beyond their meaning. So far as can be discerned, nothing of serious importance is likely to occur in the N.A.T.O. organisation to influence its maintenance or even its development. The personalities and records of the two Presidential candidates are in themselves virtually guarantees of a continuance of sound and steady policy after the elections. Relations between the United States and Britain on the military plane have never been closer or warmer. Those which existed during the war have often been praised, and rightly; and due praise has been given to men such as Generals Marshall and Eisenhower, the late Field Marshal Sir John Dill, and Field Marshals Lord Wilson and Lord Alexander, who contributed so much to them. Since then, however, even wider knowledge on either side of the other's problems, methods and mentality has been acquired through long contact and observation. The men now responsible are themselves making a spleadid contribution to cordiality and are also reaping the benefit of the work done by wartime pioneers.

I had the privilege of attending the first Press conference held by the President for some time, and

found it highly interesting. President Truman still bears responsibility to his party, and is deeply conscious of this. From his personal point of view, however, he no longer has anything to lose, and seems the lighter-hearted for it. Though he had some grave matters, including the terrible drought in Tennessee and Kentucky, to deal with, he obviously enjoyed the lighter moments and hit back hard, if with good humour, when he felt himself assailed. One correspondent beginning with the remark that he hated to ask the question, enquired whether the President had not taken a beating when a senatorial candidate whom he had supported had been rejected by the Democratic Party in his State. The President said that he had felt like voting for the loser and had done so; he did not think his local status in Missouri had been affected. The questioner hastened to say that he had not meant anything like that. The President smiled; indeed his whole face beamed with pleasure and benevolence, as he answered: "Oh, yes, you did, you said it because you thought it would discredit me." The contrast between the manner in which these words were delivered and their matter was irresistible. The whole conference shook with laughter, while the President beamed more benevolently than ever. All through he was in great form.

On another occasion he created amusement and gave better than he got. He said that the primary purpose of the visit of Governor Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, to Washington on August 12 would be to take part in a

nor Adlai E. Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, to Washington on August 12 would be to take part in a discussion in which everything necessary for a party victory in November would be reviewed. The suggestion came from Governor Stevenson, who thought it would be a fine thing to discuss the situation with Mr. Truman. Up popped a questioner.

#### SEDUCTIVE TEMPLE DANCES AND GAMELAN MUSIC: THE FIRST BALINESE DANCERS TO VISIT LONDON.



PRINCIPALS OF THE FIRST BALINESE DANCERS TO VISIT LONDON: IN THE CENTRE THE PRINCIPAL GIRL DANCER, NI GUSTI RAKA; RIGHT, THE MALE LEAD, SAMPIH; AND, LEFT, DESAK PUIU.



TUMILILINGAN—THE BUMBLE-BEE DANCE, BEING REHEARSED IN BALL. IN THE BACKGROUND INSTRUMENTS OF THE TWENTY-THREE-STRONG GAMELAN ORCHESTRA, WHICH CAME TO LONDON.



THE TEMPLE DANCERS OF BALL ARE TRAINED FROM INFANCY, AND REACH THEIR PRIME IN THEIR EARLIEST 'TEENS: DESAK PUTU (LEFT) AND THE STAR, NI GUSTI RAKA, OF THE LONDON COMPANY.

On August 26 the romance and the music, dance and drama of the lovely isle of Bali, in the East Indies, came for the first time to London, when a company of Balinese dancers with a full Gamelan orchestra opened a two-week season at the Winter Garden Theatre before leaving for New York and a short America tour. The company comprised a number of temple dancers, very young girls whose training starts in infancy and whose retiring age is sixteen,

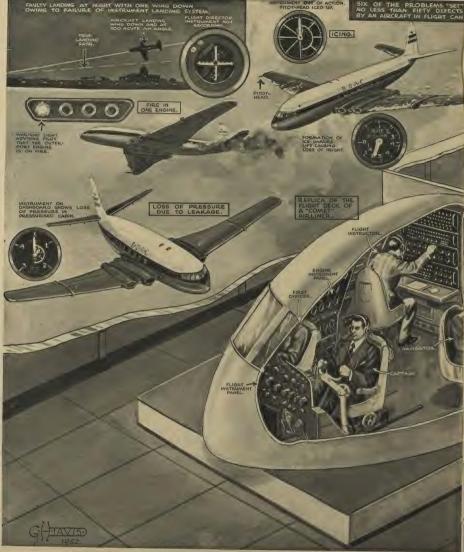


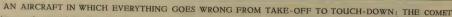
CAINED BY MARIO, THE FAMOUS BALINESE DANCER OF THE '30'S: THE THIRTEEN-EAR-OLD NI GUSTI RAKA, THE BRILLIANT AND ENGAGING STAR OF THE COMPANY, WHICH IS TO VISIT AMERICA.



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF NI GUSTI RAKA, SHOWING THE ELABORATE GILDED AND FLOWERED HEAD-DRESS, THE COMPLEX NECKLACE AND THE TIGHTLY SWATHED GOLDEN DRESS WORN FOR THE DANCE.

led by the thirteen-year-old star, Ni Gusti Raka; a group of older male dancers, of whom the leader was Sampih, some of them also singing and miming during the items; and a twenty-three-strong Gamelan orchestra from the village of Pliatan, led by the conductor, Anak Agung Gde Mandera, who was also the artistic director. Some of the dances were hieratic, cryptic and almost static, others violently acrobatic, although all performed with bent knees; and some of the items were in the spirit of the broadest comedy. The music was singularly seductive, the principal instrument being the gamelan, a low frame of tuned bells and pieces of metal, capable of a very wide range of expression and tone, from violent percussion to a muted, almost wood-wind tone.





It was recently announced that the Canadian Government had placed a 3,000,000 dollar order with a British company, Redifon, Ltd., for flight simulators for Subret flighter aircraft. The company is just completing the latest type of electronic Flight Simulator for training the crows of the Comet aritiners, and our Artist Illustrates this device on these pages. The Flight Simulator is designed to give crows ground training under the most realistic conditions possible, and although crows ground training under the most realistic conditions possible, and although training in the Flight Simulator is designed in handling large aircraft, their further training in the Flight. Simulator is the second that the property of aircraft and enables their reactions in most the quipment peculiar to this type of aircraft and enables their reactions, and the property of the property of

instructor who is in charge of navigational instruction. In front of both instructors are arrayed a number of dials and switches connected to the electronic computers which "feed" into the crew's set of controls the correct combination of "feel" and reading appropriate to any given set of conditions that may occur in flight. The crew under instruction are "briefed" by the instructors in the briefing room and given all the necessary instructions for a flight from, for example, London Airport the flight in the course is given to them and they then take up their positions on the flight and the property of the course is given to the mad they then take up their positions on the flight and the next moment the engines at a The two instructors also take their places and the next moment the engines at a Comed, and is amplified throughout of from a "tape" recording of the engines of a real Comed, and is amplified throughout of the types on the runway and the aircraft becomes

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH



"airborne," the undercarriage being retracted in the normal way. During the flight the instructors test the crew's reactions to sudden emergencies—for instance, the mayigational instructor may undenly decide that the aircraft has run into a violent thunderstorm, and by manipulating his controls he puts the magnetic compass out thunderstorm, and watches how the crew react to the situation. The Flight Instructor may then simulate the condition of "leing-up" with a sudden loss of height and speed, and when this has been dealt with emay "locup" the pitothead of the engines, leakage of all late loss of test pressure, faulty ignition, fire in one of the engines, leakage of all late loss of test pressure, faulty ignition, fire in one of the engines, leakage of all late loss of test pressure, faulty ignition, fire in one of the engines, leakage of all late loss of test pressure, faulty ignition, fire in one of the engines, leakage of all late loss of test pressure, faulty ignition, fire in one of the engines, leakage of all late loss of test pressure, faulty ignition, fire in one of the engines, leakage of all late loss of test pressure, faulty ignition, fire in one of the engines, leakage of the engines are created to the engines are created and the engines are created to the engines are created and the THE CO-OPERATION OF MESSRS. REDIFON, LTD., LONDON.

the undercarriage may fail to work properly, or the instrument landing system may be put out of action. Every modern airliner is provided with devices to enable the crew to master these difficulties, and the instructor notes the time taken for the crew to remedy the defect. Meanwhile the course followed by the aircraft has been marked on a chart and the navigational instructor can see at a glance whether the navigator of the "airliner" has done his job correctly. The electronic computers which control the operations contain nearly 500 valves, and some 30 miles of wring. Airliner captains use the Flight Simulator as part of the refresher course before renewing, their annual liences, and those who have already had experience of the Realtion. Stratorciaer "Simulator installed at the Central Training Unit of B.O.A.C. comment on the oxeolent simulation of the aircraft's characteristics.



At dawn on August 25 an English Electric Canherra jet bomber left Aldergrove, near Belfast, and flew to a point 14 miles west of Gander (2073 miles) in which we show an artist's inner an everage appeal of 45459 m.ph., This flight (of which we show an artist's inner an everage appeal of 45459 m.ph., This flight (of which we show an artist's inner an everage appeal of 45450 m.ph. after two hours at Gander, during which the head-wind of about 100 m.ph. After two hours at Gander, during which the anteriorat was retuiled, the crew had lumeh, and a minor electrical adjustment was made, the Conherro made the return trip to Aldergrove in 3 hours 25 mins. 18/13 sees, at an average apped of 60550 m.ph., in time for the crew to have tea in Northern

Ireland. The total elapsed time from the take-off at Aldegrove to the final touch-down at Aldegrove was 10 hours 3 mins. 29-28 secs.; the total flying time was 7 hours 58 mins. 39-18 secs., and the all-over average speed 530-205 mp.h. This fantastic flight establishes (subject to confirmation) two world records, first for the Cander-Bellest flight, and second for the round trip. The aircraft was flown by Mr. R. P. Beamont, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.O. and Bar, the Chief Test Flight of the English Electric Co.; and with him were Mr. P. Hillwood, D.F.C., another English Electric test pilot, and Mr. D. A. Watson, D.F.O. and Bar, an English Electric test pilot, and Mr. D. A. Watson, D.F.O. and Bar, an English

Aldegrove to the final see; the total flying time age speed 530.205 m.p.h. two world records, first durp. The cast-to-wast record (4 hours 18 mins 244 sees, at 48391 m.p.h.) is also held by a Construct piloted by Mr. Beamont and navigated by Mr. Watson. The Canterra, Bittain's first, Bittain's

carries a crew of three in a pressurised cable in the front fuselage. It has a span of 04 ft, and a length of 05 ft, 6 ins, and it is 15 ft, 7 ins, high. The design acrotis the use of sweephock and relies on clean acrodynamic form and high threat acrotis control of the contro



a terrestrial ancestor lies in the fact that, while otherwise fully aquatic, they return to the land to

On the other hand, the changes fitting them for an aquatic life are many.

The limbs have become converted into flippers, with the digits enclosed within

an investing skin. The tail is almost gone. External

is almost gone. External cars are at best much reduced in size, the True Seals being virtually without them. Even the teeth, one of the last structures to

reflect evolutionary changes, differ considerably from those of the land carnivores. The cheek teeth are almost

uniform in shape and pointed and recurved, this

last being generally regarded as an adaptation having an advantage in catching and holding fish. The internal changes, and especially those concerned with the

physiology, are even more marked. There is evidence,

for example, that seals can survive long periods with the minimum of oxygen-supply and withstand pressures at fair depths.

The harp seal of the Arctic

breed.

I sea-lions and walruses, which form the very distinct group of carnivores known as the Pinnipedia,

are related, even if distantly, to the land carnivores. It is usually assumed that the ancestral pinnipedes took to the sea at an early stage in their evolution.

#### SCIENCE. THE WORLD



#### RELICS IN ANIMAL BEHAVIOUR. F our ideas on classification are correct, the seals,

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

complete and fully functional hip-girdle, especially since, on very rare occasions, it is true, a whale is born with a well-formed if non-functional hind-limb.

If anatomical vestiges have an interest and a significance, so equally do behavioural vestiges. Like the anatomical vestiges, it is not always easy to

difficulty of unravelling any one piece of behaviour

the purpose of which is obscure.

There is yet another difficulty: the possibility that the same trick or mannerism in two distantly related animals may be the result of a convergent evolution in behaviour. The domestic cat has the habit of pawing the ground when contented. The marsupial, long-nosed bandicoot of Australia, about the size

of a small rabbit, lives on insect grubs and worms, but will occasionally eat a mouse. Before, doing so, however, it pummels the mouse into a shape-less mass with its fore-feet. Is the pawing of the domestic cat a vestige from a remote marsupial ancestor, or a convergent trick associated with mouseeating? Many lizards paw the ground with their feet under emotional tension, especially in the breeding season. Is the pawing of the cat a relic of behaviour preserved from a reptilian ancestor? Or is it that all these have no more significance in relation to each other than the similarity in form between

a newly-emerged bracken-shoot and a shepherd's crook?

If nothing else, these obscure tricks of behaviour afford material for interestafford material for interesting speculation. And one in particular admirably fills this rôle. The thylacine, or Tasmanian wolf, is the counterpart of the dog in the Australian marsupials. Related to the kangaroos, even if distantly, it is dog-like in build, with a long tail and a dog-like head. Its teeth also resemble closely those of the Canidæ, at least superficially, and it is naturally a hunter of wallabies, rats and birds. It was, however, because it took to killing sheep and poultry that it was outlawed and extinguished in Australia, for it

poultry that it was outlawed and extinguished in Australia, for it must at one time have been numerous there. No doubt competition with the dingo also contributed largely to its demise. Being predatory, speed is essential, and so we find the thylacine with the build of the more speedy quadrupeds. In view of the widespread ideas that kangaroos move with speed, and contrary to the impression they give of speed when bounding along, the fact remains that even the fastest of them, moving over fastest of them, moving over level country, does no more than 25 miles per hour, or 30 at the most, as compared with the 50 miles per hour or more of antelope and deer. Yet the thylacine, which normally runs on all fours and has legs of equal length, is reported to bound on its hind-legs like a kangaroo, when pursued when pursued.

If relics of behaviour are signifi-

nia. A pouched cant in interpreting past history, as we have presumed anatomical relics to be, the behaviour of the seal pup portrayed here merely supports what is already suspected from other sources. With the thylacine it is different. There is no reason to suppose that it ever had legs of unequal length, like a kangaroo, yet it shows a trick of behaviour normally associated with their unduly long hind-legs. This suggests, then, contrary to usual ideas, that moving in bounds was a tendency in behaviour which preceded the evolution of the long hind-legs of the kangaroo. After all, the mere possession of greatly elongated hind-legs, as in hares, for example, does not necessarily cause an animal to bound on its hind legs, kangaroo fashion. bound on its hind-legs, kangaroo-fashion.



IN AN ATTITUDE WHICH MAY POSSIBLY BE INTERPRETED AS VESTIGIAL BEHAVIOUR: A PUP OF THE FUR SEAL SLEEPING; AS SEEN IN THE PRIBILOF ISLANDS, ALASKA.

with the Carnivora, itude shown here in Seals, there is every reason to believe, and habits they show a marked diverg but in their structure, physiology sleep, so like that of a dog pup, Photos.



OUS IN AUSTRALIA: A STUFFED SPECIMEN OF THE THYLACINE, OR TASMANIAN WOLF, RUNS LIKE A DOG BUT IS SAID TO BOUND ON ITS HIND-LEGS WHEN PURSUED. the thylacine, or Tasmanian wolf, in a museum in Melbourne, is a melancholy reminder numerous in Australia. Although nearly extinct in Tasmania, evidence of its survival was found in recent years in the mountainous regions of Tasmania. A pouched too, it normally runs like a dog, but is said to bound on its hind-legs when pursued Photograph reproduced by Courtesy of the Australian News and Inform

The harp seal of the Arctic is known to dive to a depth of 200 ft., and to remain submerged for twenty minutes. By what means these things are possible are not fully known, but they recall similar performances by the completely aquatic whales, and the extraordinary internal mechanisms associated with internal mechanisms associated with them. Like whales, also, seals have a dense layer of blubber, in addition to their thickly-haired skin. Finally, the readiness with which seal pups take to the water seems fairly con-vincing evidence not only of the completely aquatic habits of seals as a whole but also of the long-standing nature of these habits. Yet standing nature of these habits. Yet the photograph which caught my attention, and which is reproduced on this page, shows a Pribilof seal pup curled up asleep like any dog puppy. In fact, with a little skilful touching up, it could pass for a sleeping dog, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that this is a piece of vestigial behaviour.

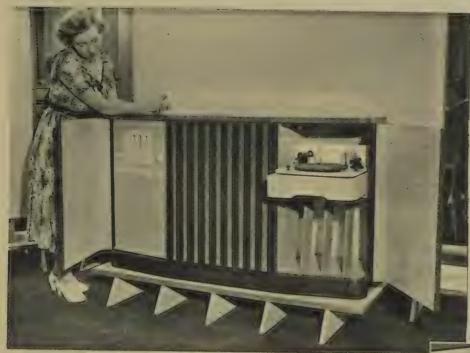
There was a time when vestigial organs figured prominently in

organs figured prominently in biological discussions, especially in relation to building up evidence to support the theory of organic evolution. Some of these were doubtfully so called. The human

appendix and tonsil were favourite examples, but in the light of more recent research, these must be regarded as modified organs, rather than vestigial, since it seems fairly certain that they subserve a new function and are merely transformed to that end. The tail of a seal, on the other hand, does seem to be truly vestigial, a vestige of the well-developed structure seen in other carnivores, such as cats and dogs, and in them having a well-defined use. The hip-girdle of a whale is another, for the bones representing it can have little value to their possessor, are greatly reduced in size, and seem a fair indication that ancestral whales were once equipped with a

discriminate between one which is merely transformed and now subserves a different but essential function, and now subserves a different but essential function, and one which is truly vestigial, a ghost of the behaviour employed with a purpose by some remote ancestor. When we shake hands, it is a formalised convention of human behaviour derived, we are assured, from the time when proffering the open hand was a sign of peaceful intent, an assurance that the hand held no weapon. In the modern usage, it can be a vestigial trick of behaviour or one that now subserves a slightly different function, according to the serves a slightly different function, according to the way it is used. Even these few examples indicate the

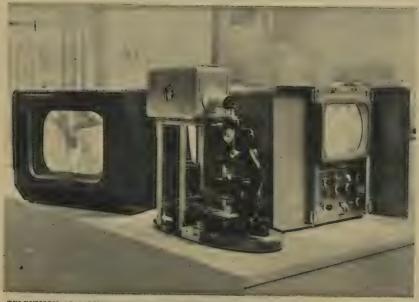
## THE RADIO AND TELEVISION EXHIBITION: SOME OF THE OUTSTANDING FEATURES.



AS BIG AS A SIDEBOARD: ONE OF THE FERGUSON RADIOGRAMOPHONES ON VIEW AT THE NINETEENTH NATIONAL RADIO AND TELEVISION EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT, WHICH CLOSES TO-DAY, SEPTEMBER 6.



THE FIRST TELEVISION-TELEPHONE DEMONSTRATED: A DEVELOPMENT ENGINEER OPERATING THE PYE T.V. TELEPHONE, WHICH ENABLES THE CALLER TO VIEW THE PERSON ANSWERING THE CALL IN A TELEVISION SCREEN IN FRONT OF THE INSTRUMENT.



TELEVISION AS A SCIENTIFIC AID: A TELEVISION MICROSCOPE EXHIBITED BY PYE, LTD., IN WHICH A CAMERA PHOTOGRAPHS THE IMAGE IN THE MICROSCOPE WITH THE AID OF MIRRORS AND PROJECTS IT ON TO THE SCREEN OF A MONITOR SET.



THE FIRST PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION OF UNDERWATER TELEVISION: A VIEW OF THE MARCONI-SIEBE, GORMAN EXHIBIT AT EARL'S COURT IN WHICH MODEL DIVERS WORKING ON THE STERN OF A SUNKEN SHIP ARE SHOWN ON MONITOR SETS; SHOWING THE CAMERA ON LEFT.



ONE OF THE SPECIAL ELECTRONIC EXHIBITS: A RADIO-CONTROLLED MODEL SHIP WHICH IS MANŒUVRED WITH THE GREATEST ACCURACY FROM A DISTANCE AND PERFORMS A NUMBER OF INTRICATE EVOLUTIONS, INCLUDING THE LAUNCHING AND PICKING-UP OF A MODEL SEAPLANE.

The nineteenth National Radio and Television Exhibition opened at Earl's Court on August 26 and closes to-day (September 6). Here we show some of the features of the Exhibition, many of which were designed to show in an entertaining form the application of radio and television to a number of uses apart from normal broadcasting. Philips Electrical Ltd. demonstrated in a tank 40 ft. long by 25 ft. wide how two model ships could be controlled and put through a number of manœuvres by remote radio control. A model seaplane can be



EXHIBITED BY R.E.M.E. ON THE ARMY STAND AT EARL'S COURT: THE 2000-M.P.H. GUIDED ROCKET SHOWN IN SECTION TO REVEAL THE INTERIOR—IT WAS STATED THAT NO INFORMATION REGARDING THE TECHNICAL SPECIFICATION, PERFORMANCE OR USE OF THE ROCKET COULD BE GIVEN.

catapulted from the deck of the larger model which then steers alongside the floating aircraft and a crane hoists it back on to the launching-ramp. Underwater television has been demonstrated to the public for the first time at the Marconi-Siebe, Gorman stand, where a television camera similar to that used by the Admiralty to identify the ill-fated Affray in June, 1951, is shown recording the operations of model divers working round the stern of a sunken ship. The theme of the Regular Army exhibit this year has been the military use of radio and electronics.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHEN I wrote recently (July 26) about Agapanthus, the Blue African Lily, I was thinking about it, as a flower garden pleat flower-garden plant, a mere item-though

ful one—in the herbaceous or mixed flower-I had never thought of it, until then, as a beautiful onecapable of becoming an important feature in a wide

### AGAPANTHUS IN EXCELSIS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

take a bit of finding. A live nurseryman likes something in which trade is a little more brisk. But if you find a nurseryman who can supply pots or tubs of Agapanthus, you will almost certainly find that he is a "plantsman," a man who loves plants—as plants—and is content to stock certain plants because they have charm, even if they are not best-sellers.

Another and a pleasantly inexpensive way of acquiring plants of Agapanthus is to mark down

Agapanthus umbellatus that you raise, I can not say for certain. Much will depend upon where you live. In the warmer parts of the South and the West Coast, A.

umbellatus should be fairly safe. In less favoured districts protection with litter in winter would be advisable, at any rate until you have had time to experiment with a few plants left unprotected. But if you want to be quite certain as to hardiness, it if you want to be quite certain as to hardiness, it will be best to get hold of the smaller-growing Agapanthus mooreanus which, in my experience, was absolutely hardy at Stevenage, in Hertfordshire—and Stevenage really is a testingly cold place. Or, better still, if you can find it, plant Agapanthus intermedius, which has deep violet-blue flowers.

In my last article on Agapanthus I mentioned both A. mooreanus and A. intermedius, and in both cases I underestimated the height of the flower-stems. My plants were not yet fully in flower when I wrote, and from memory I put the height at about 18 ins. Both plants are now in flower, and I find that both are from 18 ins. to 2 ft. tall. I consider A. intermedius the handsomer of the two and its return are recommended. the handsomer of the two, and its stems are stouter than those of A, mooreanus.

In the average medium to small garden it may be necessary to be content with a clump or two of Agapanthus in the mixed flower-borders. But when there is room for wider, ampler planting it would seem to be worth while securing or producing enough plants of Agapanthus, of one or other variety, to plant boldly, on lines suggested by the splendid grouping in the photographs of the St. Austell garden. If you have water, a pond or a lake which can come into the picture, so much the better, as long as this does not entail planting in damp or marchy ground

picture, so much the better, as long as this does not entail planting in damp or marshy ground.

The only garden in which I can remember seeing Agapanthus planted in massed quantity is Hidcote Manor, where there is a bed, covering a good many yards each way, filled with Agapanthus mooreanus. But there the plants are in a more or less formal bed, close to the house. Informal grouping, perhaps on rising ground, would have been more effective. To suggest the English Channel below and beyond one's mass of African Lily is, alas, a counsel of perfection. We inland folk can but do our best. If the big Agapanthus umbellatus will not tolerate our local



WHERE THE BLUE OF THE AGAPANTHUS COMPETES WITH THE BLUES OF THE CORNISH SKY AND THE ENGLISH CHANNEL A WONDERFUL LARGE-SCALE PLANTING OF AGAPANTHUS UMBELLATUS IN A SEASIDE GARDEN NEAR ST. AUSTELL.

landscape. That article, however, has brought me a most interesting letter from a correspondent at St. Austell, in Cornwall, and with it some wonderful St. Austell, in Cornwall, and with it some wonderful photographs showing Agapanthus growing as I had never imagined it growing in Britain. But then, I don't know my Cornwall. I had never expected to see Agapanthus grown as an important and glorious feature, with the English Channel a mere item in the background. But "mere" is perhaps not quite fair to the Channel. It makes the perfect setting and background for the African Lily. Let me quote from the letter which came with the photographs:

"The original stock consisted of four tubs which we picked up at an auction in West Sussex, when we lived in that county, and on our removal they came along with other effects, and after three or four seasons we decided to turn them out into a border and left

we decided to turn them out into a border and left them for ten years or so. In due time they became

acclimatised, and seedlings appeared in generous quantities, which we eventually planted out in a border, as you will see from the photographs.

"This house and garden are situated on the top of the cliff, adjoining the sea, and exposed to the strong winds and easterly gales for which this coast is noted but the Agraphthus came thereach it without is noted, but the Agapanthus came through it without turning a hair, and seem to flourish in the poor soil, which consists largely of shale and stone."

They certainly do seem to flourish, despite the gales, and despite having fallen upon stony ground. Apparently these plants are the Agapanthus which a parently known as Agapanthus umbellatus (or africanus, if you wish to be up-to-the-minute correct), and which is commonly creating the product of the second state of the secon agricanus, it you wish to be up-to-the-minute correct), and which is commonly grown in tubs on the terrace, as these were until they were rescued and eventually liberated by their present owners. Let me suggest, incidentally, that country-house sales are one of the most likely places to obtain tubs of Agapanthus. They usually come on at the very end of the sale, together with such items as "a quantity of flower-pots"; "a roll of wire-netting" and "garden roller," and more often than not they may be picked up for a song.

Apart from country-house sales, plants of Agapan-thus are not always easy to find. There are nurseries which stock them, but my experience is that they



FLOURISHING "IN THE POOR SOIL WHICH CONSISTS LARGELY OF SHALE AND STONE" AND "EXPOSED TO THE STRONG WINDS AND EASTERLY GALES FOR WHICH THIS COAST IS NOTED": A CLOSER VIEW OF SOME OF THE AGAPANTHUS IN THE LARGE-SCALE PLANTING SHOWN ABOVE. [Photographs by R. Maston.]

flowering specimens in the gardens of your friendsor elsewhere—collect a head or two of seed later, and raise seedlings. This may take a year or two, but it costs little or nothing, and will probably give you far more plants than you are likely to require for your own planting. As to hardiness, if it is the big

climate, we must make do with A. mooreanus, and if the English Channel remains obstinately out of sight, we must make do with a lake, or a pond, or no water at all. Personally, I'd rather have no pond at all than a concrete puddle. But I intend to have more African Lily.

#### THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL HIGHLIGHTS.



THE FIRST STAGE PRESENTATION IN GREAT BRITAIN OF "MATRIS DER MALER": THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA PRODUCTION, WITH HERR MELCHERT AS THE CARDINAL (CENTRE).



THE FESTIVAL PIANO QUARTET: PIERRE FOURNIER, CLIFFORD CURZON, JOSEF SZIGETI AND WILLIAM PRIMROSE AT REHEARSAL FOR THEIR USHER HALL CONCERTS.



GHOSTS AND GOBLINS OF THE HAMBURG STATE OPERA PRODUCTION OF WEBER'S "DER PREISCHTTZ," WHICH WAS GIVEN AT THE KING'S THEATRE: A STRANGE AND GRUESOME PROCESSION.



"THE PLAYER KING," CHRISTOPHER HASSALL'S NEW PLAY AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: LADY KATHARINE GORDON (HEATHER STANNARD), JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND (ANDREW FAULDS) AND RICHARD OF YORK (TONY BRITTON) (L. TO R.).



GIVING HIS REMARKABLE SOLO PERFORMANCE IN HIS QUEEN OF THE NIGHT IN "DIE ZAUBERPLÖTE," ONE OF THE OPERAS "THE RIVER LINE," PRODUCED IN EDINBURGH A

MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS AS CHARLES DICKENS. THEATRE: MISS VALERIE BAK. AND PHILIP (PAUL SCOFFIELD).





"THE RIVER LINE," PRODUCED IN EDINBURGH AND DUE

The Sixth Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama is due to end to-day, September 6. One of the outstanding features was provided by the visit of the Hamburg State Opera, who gave the first stage performance of Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler" in Great Britain. Among the new plays produced were Charles Morgan's "The River Line," which was due in London

at the Lyric, Hammersmith, on September 2, and Christopher Hassall's "The Player King," a historical drama featuring Perkin Warbeck. The Edinburgh Festival Piano Quartet are giving a concert in London on September 14 at the Royal Festival Hall in aid of the North Devon and West Somerset Relief Appeal Fund, by special permission of the Edinburgh Festival Society.

" crockford lane"; by lucien fissarro (1863–1944), one of the original gifts in the rutherston collection, which is on view in manchester till september 14. (26 by 21 ins.)

## THE RUTHERSTON COLLECTION AT MANCHESTER: INITIAL GIFTS ON VIEW.



"PORTRAIT HEAD OF R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM"; BY JACOB EPSTEIN (b. 1880), A MAGNIFICENT BRONZE WHICH IS NOW ON VIEW IN THE RUTHERSTON LOAN COLLECTION EXHIBITION. (Height, 131, ins.)



"THE BLUE HAT"; BY WALTER RICHARD SICKERT (1860-1942), ONE OF THE ARTIST'S SERIES OF CAMDEN TOWN PAINTINGS. HE SETTLED IN THAT DISTRICT IN 1905.

(20 by 16 ins.)



"THE STUDENT"; BY GWEN JOHN (1876-1939), AN ARTIST WHOSE GREAT GIFTS AND IMPORTANCE HAVE NEVER BEEN FULLY RECOGNISED. (22 by 13 ins.)



"MISS MCNEIL"; BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A. (b. 1878), A MAGNIFICENT DRAWING BY ONE OF THE GREATEST OF CONTEMPORARY BRITISH PAINTERS. GWEN JOHN WAS HIS SISTER. (Crayon. 14½ by 10½ ins.)



"MERIKLI"; BY AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A. (b. 1878), A MASTERLY WORK, ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE RUTHERSTON COLLECTION.
(30 by 34 ins.)



"THE MILL, BRIDGENORTH"; BY P. WILSON STEER (1860-1942), ONE OF "THE EPIC LAND-SCAPES OF HIS EARLY MIDDLE YEARS," TO QUOTE SIR JOHN ROTHENSTEIN. (18½ by 24 ins.)

An interesting exhibition is now in progress at the City Art Gallery, Mosley Street, Manchester, and will continue until September 14. It consists of a substantial selection of the Rutherston Loan Collection, the gift of the late Mr. Charles Rutherston, of Bradford, for the purpose of loans to educational institutions



"THE SLEEPING CHRIST"; BY ERIC GILL, A.R.A. (1882-1940), A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE RELIGIOUS SCULPTURE OF THIS ARTIST. (Stone. 12 by 17 ins.)

throughout the North of England. As requests for these loans are great and constant, Manchester seldom has the chance of seeing the riches of the collection. The original Rutherston gifts are on view, as well as a number of later acquisitions. Some of the latter are the gifts of Mrs. Rutherston, widow of the donor; of his daughter, Mrs. Rutherston Powell; of Mr. Eric C. Gregory; Dr. Jane Walker and the Contemporary Art Society, while purchases have also been made. Thus visitors will be able to see how the scope of the collection has been widened, and to observe which of the younger contemporary painters are now represented.

## CONTEMPORARY BRITISH ART: ADDITIONS TO THE RUTHERSTON GIFT.



"OBLIQUE ENDING"; BY JOHN TUNNARD, A.R.C.A. (b. 1900). AN ABSTRACT PAINTING WHICH HAS BEEN ADDED TO THE ORIGINAL RUTHERSTON LOAN COLLECTION. (Water-colour. 14% by 21% ins.)



"BLACK PYRAMIDS"; BY JOHN ARMSTRONG (b. 1893), AN ADDITIONAL GIFT TO THE

COLLECTION
FROM MRS.
RUTHERSTON,
WIDOW OF THE
ORIGINAL
DONOR.
(Tempera.
10 by 14½ ins.)



"THE LIVING TREE"; BY MARION ADUAMS, A MODERN STILL LIFE, PAINTED IN TROMPE L'CIL STYLE, WITH GREAT TECHNICAL PRECISION. (231 by 161 ins.)



"THE FAR JOURNEY"; BY FERGUS GRAHAM, AN EXAMPLE OF CONTEMPORARY SYMBOLIC PAINTING WHICH IS ON VIEW IN THE RUTHERSTON COLLECTION DISPLAY. (201 by 291 ins.)



" ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, MANCHESTER'; BY LAURENCE S. LOWRY (b. 1887), WHO IS REPRESENTED IN THE TATE AND MANY OTHER GALLERIES. (18 by 24 ins.)

The original Rutherston Loan Collection offered to Manchester in 1925 by the late Mr. Charles Rutherston for loans to educational institutions, consisted of some 800 items, comprising oil paintings, water-colour and other drawings, prints, reproductions and sculptures, mainly of the first twenty-five years of this century. There are now over 1600 works of art in the collection, for since the death of Mr. Rutherston in 1927, his widow, Mrs. Rutherston, his daughter and other benefactors have made numerous gifts, and purchases have also been made of works by younger contemporary painters of established reputation. On this page we illustrate some of these additions, which record trends of contemporary



"THE MAUSOLEUM, CASTLE HOWARD"; BY JOHN PIPER (b. 1903), WRITER AND PAINTER, AND A TRUSTEE OF THE TATE GALLERY SINCE 1946. (Gouache. 15% by 20 ins.)

painting. They include abstract art, symbolic painting, romantic landscape, and a work recording war damage to Manchester City by Laurence S. Lowry, a distinguished Mancunian painter, and thus show that the Rutherston Collection on view in Manchester City Art Gallery till September 14 is keeping abreast of accepted modern movements and styles.

Reproduced by courtesy of the City Art Gallery, Mosley Street, Manchester.



THERE is a kind of art criticism and of art history which gives the impression that it is written by learned, sincere and highly intelligent men who are so knowledgeable that they can't bring themselves to



"A CORNER OF THE ARTIST'S ROOM IN PARIS': BY GWEN JOHN; PAINTED 1900-5 (?). (Oil. 12) by 10) ins.) (From the collection of Mrs. Augustus John.)

"This picture, an ultimate expression, surely, of the Intimiste spirit, by its tiny perfection, reminds not of any other picture so much as the song of a bird," writes Sir John Rothenstein in "Modern English Painters," reviewed on this page, from which the illustrations are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers.

look at the pictures which are the subject of their remarks—and by look, I mean really look; that is, sit down and stay quiet and let the artist speak to them—but, instead, regard whatever it is they are writing about as a convenient peg upon which to hang a theory or two about movements and trends. This seems to me to be somewhat unfair to painters, because it is liable to make them appear automatons directed by forces of which they are unconscious, whereas most of them—even bad ones—at least know perfectly well what they are trying to do. It is a point of view which is fashionable also among some students of political history when they attempt to interpret the world in the light of geographical or climatic or economic circumstance alone, without reference to the power of men of exceptional ability to alter the course of events. I doubt whether the majority of art lovers are particularly interested in these rather abstract, if momentous, speculations; they take what opportunities they can to see for themselves what a painter provides for them, and in due course form their own conclusions as to his stature, without caring in the least whether he belongs to this or that movement, or in what direction—revolutionary or retrograde—he may be going. Nor are they particularly bothered about the man's reputation—if they like what they see, that is enough for them.

As to the taste of the Great British Public—that is, of you and me—it may not be as barbarous as we are so frequently told it is. A case in point is provided by the popularity of Graham Sutherland's portrait of Mr. Somerset Maugham, published in colours in these pages on August 16. Sutherland has always been looked upon as a man of great gifts, with a strange and rather sinister vision peculiarly his own—not, you would say, an artist in the least likely to appeal to the popular imagination—yet he goes and paints a distinguished author in a most original manner, making Mr. Maugham look like an amiable and highly intelligent tortoise, and instead of dismissing this subtle and classic portrait as yet another modernistic

On this page Frank Davis reviews "Modern English Painters: Sickert to Smith." By John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 23s.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SEVENTEEN MODERN ENGLISH PAINTERS.\*

By FRANK DAVIS.

aberration, we all of us recognise it as a masterpiece and take it to our hearts, thereby doing ourselves much credit. However, enough of that; here in "Modern English Painters: Sickert to Smith," is Sir John Rothenstein, Director of the Tate Gallery, talking about modern painters, some gone, some happily still with us; and steering an extremely clever course between abstract theories about art, and the personalities of the artists, rather apologetically, it seems to me, refuting the austere doctrine that the painting is

the man and that his life-story, apart from that, is of no account—whereas, I don't see that any apology is required for treating painters as individual human beings and not as the mere victims of economic or religious or philosophical or sociological stresses. It is true that neither great nor little painters can escape from their environment, but surely the great ones either mould it closer to their heart's desire or rise above it.

Sir John's book deals with seventeen painters, beginning with Walter Sickert and ending with Matthew Smith, and another volume of a similar kind is promised. The two together will provide not exactly a history of modern English painting, but a series of biographical sketches; a few of them very slight but containing a deal of information not otherwise available, which will be of the greatest possible value to some future historian who will be sufficiently far removed in time to be able to regard the first fifty years of the century with more detachment than is possible for anyone but an archangel of criticism to-day. This is not to underrate the author's perspicacity, but merely to point out how exceedingly difficult it is for any man to form a judgment about a whole

era when he is studying it at close range; on the other hand, one of the many virtues of the book is that it does, without dogmatising, make just this attempt.

Many of us will disagree with much of what Sir John says, and I have no doubt that our great-grandsons will disagree no less, but it is good to examine the



SELF-PORTRAIT": BY GWEN JOHN (1876-1939), PAINTED 1. 1900 (?). (Oil. 17% by 13% ins.) (The Tate Galley, London.)
The case of Gwen John provides a melancholy illustration of the neglect of English painting," writes Sir John Rothenstein. "I am not expressing an original opinion in saying I believe her to be one of the finest painters of our time and country . . . yet her work has received no serious consideration whatever."

opinions of a sensitive and judicious mind expressed with clarity and conviction. Did space allow, I should like to quote at some length; as it is, the following must suffice, from the essay on Sickert: "His personal ascendency is now being prolonged by the republication of his writings. The incisiveness, independency and dry, racy wisdom of these have equipped him to advocate the traditional values in the arts, as Chesterton advocated the traditional values in theology and morals, so as to delight, even if not to convince, a



"THE CONVALESCENT": BY GWEN JOHN; PAINTED 1925-30 (?). (Oil 16 by 12\frac{1}{2} ins.) (In the collection of Mr. Hugo Pitman.)

"Gwen John was in almost every respect the opposite of her brother Augustus. He is an improviser; she developed methodicity, as he has told us, to a point of elaboration undreamed of by her master, Whistler. He enhanced or troubled the lives of those he touched; she stole through life and out of it almost unnoticed."

generation which has grown up in the belief of the inevitability of continuous revolution and is apt to confuse novelty with progress. But the effect of his writings upon his reputation as an artist may prove deleterious. For his prestige is now such that to criticise his work with candour is considered scandalous. . . . For Sickert was at his best a master . . . To claim that he portrayed with exceptional insight the life of the ordinary man is the starkest nonsense. . . . Sickert lacked the emotional power that would have given reality to his figures. As it is, they are inert puppets though marvellously, sometimes touchingly, resembling human beings, but they feel neither hunger nor thirst, neither love nor hate, only perhaps, indifference, which at bottom was his own attitude towards his fellow men." That is good, sinewy talk, and these pages are full of similar shrewd felicities—nor are punches pulled when the subject is still very much alive. Few men, for example, have a greater admiration for Mr. Augustus John, and Sir John thinks that "future ages will marvel at the puny character of an age when even the most highly-regarded critical opinion is so little able to distinguish between average and outstanding stature." This is apropos of a remark by an influential bigwig: "'I suppose,' he said, gazing into the distance and speaking with the conscious open-mindedness of a man to whom no field of speculation is closed, 'I suppose there are people who would place John among the best.'" He goes on to notice weaknesses and vulgarities in certain of John's pictures, for no man can be at his highest every hour of the day, but there is no hesitation in his summing-up—here is a truly great painter, and he has a good word to say for those "outsiders, intelligent stockbrokers and the like," who take no notice of fashionable critics but have "the wit to consult their eyes rather than their ears when buying pictures." So there is hope for all of us.

Of the sketches of less important people I would commend particularly the one which deals with the heart-breaking life and death of Gwen John, and the no less sad success-story of Orpen; but indeed the whole book is wise and sensitive and understanding. I look forward with great interest to the second

volume.

WINNER AND RUNNER-UP IN THE BOYS' GOLF CHAM-

PIONSHIP: M. F. BONALLACK (RIGHT), OF HAILEYBURY COLLEGE, WHO BEAT ALEC SHEPPERSON.

Michael Bonallack, of Haileybury College, won a remarkable victory at the 37th hole over Alec Shepperson, of Queen Elizabeth Grammar School, Mansfield, in the final of the Boys' Amateur Golf Championship at Formby on August 30.

M. F. Bonallack is holder of the Essex Boys' Championship.

### SOME PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS, PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SPEAKING TO THE AMERICAN LEGION IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ON THE FIRST DAY OF THEIR ANNUAL CONVENTION: GENERAL EISENHOWER. Ceneral Eisenhower addressed the American Legion in New York on August 25. He outlined three "immediate" steps needed to preserve peace in the face of the growth of the Communist threat: "America must be made militarily and productively strong"; "we must build greater co-operative unity with every nation in the free world"; and "the Governments, with cold finality, must tell the Kremlin that we shall never recognise the slightest permanence of Russia's position in Eastern Europe and Asia."



CONGRATULATING A PLATOON OF THE 2/10TH GURKHAS

GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER.

During his recent tour of Johore Ceneral Sir Gerald Templer, the High Commissioner, congratulated a platoon of the 2/10th Gurkhas who, on August 16, killed six of thirty-five terrorists in an action in the Tangkak area of Johore. They also wounded six terrorists and captured two, including a woman. One Gurkha was killed in the action.



AIR VICE-MARSHAL SIR ROBERT GEORGE.
Appointed Covernor of South Australia. Sir Robert George, who is fifty-five, served in the R.F.C. from 1916-18; and then in the R.A.F. He was Senior Staff Officer, Singapore, 1933-37; and in World War II. was Air Attaché at Ankara, and later A.O.C. Iraq and Persia. In 1945 he was appointed Air Attaché Paris.

MR. ARTHUR CROXTON SMITH.



. (CENTRE, L. TO R. AND MR. P. HILLWOOD DISCUSSING THEIR RECORD FLIGHT: THE CREW OF THE CANBERGA.
MR. D. A. WATSON; MR. R. P. BEAMONT (CAPTAIN OF THE AIRCRAFT)

The first double crossing of the Atlantic in a day by a Canberra jet bomber is described and illustrated elsewhere in this issue. Here we show the members of the crew after their record flight. Mr. R. P. Beamont, D.S.O. and Bar, b.F.C. and Bar, is thirty-two years old and has been Chief Test Pilot of the English Electric Company since 1947. Mr. Beamont was in charge and with him were Mr. P. Hillwood, D.F.C., also a test pilot of the English Electric Company, and Mr. D. A. Watson, the navigator. Mr. D. A. Watson, D.F.C. and Bar, joined the English Electric Company as a test navigator in 1950; he is thirty-seven.



VICE-ADMIRAL C. E. LAMBE.

To be Commander-in-Chief, Far East Station, in succession to Admiral Sir Guy Russell, the appointment to take effect in March, 1953. Vice-Admiral Lambe, who is fifty-one, was Assistant Chief of Naval Staff (Air) 1945-46; Flag-Officer Flying Training, 1947-49; and has been Flag Officer, Air (Home), since 1951.



LIEUT.-GEN. MAHARAJA RAJENDRASINHJI. Appointed C.-in-C. the Indian Army with effect from January 1953. Lieut.-General Rajendrasinhij, who has been G.O.C. Southern Command, India, since 1948, was the first Indian officer to win the D.S.O. in World War II.; and the first Indian Military attaché in Washington (1945). He was educated at Malvern and Sandhurst.



IN SCOTLAND: THE COUNT OF BARCELONA (DON JUAN), PRINCESS PILAR, PRINCE JUAN AND THE COUNTESS OF BARCELONA.

Don Juan, Pretender to the Spanish Throne, the Count of Barcelona, accompanied by his wife and their son and daughter arrived in Scotland on August 29, and on the same day went out shooting on the moors at Kennacoil, near Dunkeld. The Count and Countess of Barcelona have been out grouse shooting in Scotland before, but this was the first occasion that their children had enjoyed the sport.



WELCOMING SENIOR OFFICERS OF THE YUGOSLAV ARMY: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR

YUGOSLAV ARMY: LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR
COLIN B. CALLANDER (LEFT).
A party of nine senior officers of the Yugoslav
Army, led by Colonel General Dapcevic (who can
be seen in our photograph—right) arrived in
London on August 29 for a visit in order to see
something of the British Army and its establishments. Lieut.-General Sir Colin B. Callander, who
is Director-General of Military Training at the War
Office, recently spent a week in Yugoslavia.



THE PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA FLIES IN A COMET: MR. NEHRU,

WITH MRS. J. J. GARNER.

Mr. Nehru was a passenger in a B.O.A.C. Comel jet airliner during demonstration flights from Palam Airport, and is shown with Mrs. J. J. Garner, wife of the Deputy High Commissioner for the U.K. in India. On August 29 Mr. Nehru flew in another aircraft over the Himalayas and landed on the new airstrip at Ladakh at 14,270 ft., believed to be the highest landing ground in the world.

## THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW: A MISCELLANY OF TOPICAL ITEMS.



WEARING THEIR CORONATION BLUE UNIFORMS: A BANDSMAN

AND A LANCE CORPORAL OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.

An order for 22,000 uniforms of the No. 1 (blue) dress which is to be worn on Coronation Day by the troops lining the processional routes was recently authorised by the War Office. A blue dress was worn by infantry units at the Coronation of George VI. but it was not similar.



ENDORSING A DECISION MADE BY THE LATE KING GEORGE VI:

THE QUEEN'S COLOUR FOR THE R.A.F. REGIMENT,
The Queen has approved the award of a Queen's Colour to the R.A.F.
Regiment. It will be of silk in R.A.F. blue with her Majesty's royal
cypher in the centre, the Union in the canton and the badge of the
R.A.F. Regiment in the fourth quarter. It will be 3 ft. 9 ins. square.



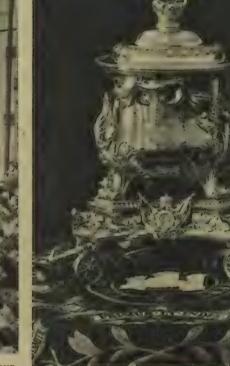
MMER UNIFORM AND "BLUES" MODELLED ON THE MEN'S DRESS: NEW U.S. WOMEN MARINES' UNIFORMS.

The new U.S. Women Marines' blue dress uniforms are extremely smart, modelled on the "blues" worn by the men in the famed U.S. Marines. The light summer uniform is cut on the same lines, but has a different form of headgear.



THE DORSET'S 250TH ANNIVERSARY: THE MAYOR OF DORCHESTER ADDRESSING THE IST BATTALION IN FRONT OF THE SHIRE HALL AFTER THEY HAD PARADED THEIR COLOURS THROUGH THE TOWN.

During the last week of August the final celebrations of the 250th anniversary of the formation of The Dorset Regiment were held in the "Home of the Regiment" at Dorchester. On August 29 the 1st Battalion marched through Dorchester for the first time in the history of the Battalion. The Duke of Kent's Punch Bowl (right) was presented to the 54th by H.R.H. the Duke of Kent (later to become the father of Queen Victoria) in recognition of the prompt and loyal action of the Regiment in saving his life on Christmas Eve 1802, when a serious mutiny broke out among other regiments of the garrison of Gibraltar.



THE MOST TREASURED POSSESSION IN THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE IST BATTALION THE DORSET REGIMENT: THE DUKE OF KENT'S PUNCH BOWL.



PART OF A ROMANO-BRITISH VILLA AT GREAT CASTERTON, NEAR STAMFORD: A RECENTLY
EXCAVATED CIRCULAR BUILDING, PERHAPS A CORN-DRYING ARRANGEMENT.

This building, so far unique in Britain, is part of a Romano-British villa at Great Casterton, near Stamford, and actually in the County of Rutland. It was excavated by a summer school in archæology, arranged by the Department of Adult Education, University of Nottingham. The building was heated by a hypocaust, of which the stoke-hole is visible on the left, and the flues. Recent ploughing has removed the plaster floor over most of the building.



THE START OF A WEEK OF FESTIVITIES: THE FINAL PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESTON GUILD BEING READ FROM THE STEPS OF THE TOWN HALL AT PRESTON.

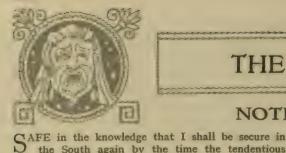
Preston Guild Week started on September 1, when the ancient Guild Court opened. The final proclamation took place on the Town Hall steps on August 30, and the Guild Mayor, Mr. J. J. Ward, welcomed overseas Prestonians who had returned for the festivities. Normally Preston's historic Guild holds its great week every twenty years, but the last one, due in 1942, was postponed because of the war. Two scrolls have travelled round the world and been signed by Prestonians unable to attend.



RESEMBLING A GIANT FLYING-BOAT AT HER MOORINGS: THE U.S. NAVY'S HOSPITAL SHIP HAVEN AT ANCHOR IN KOREAN WATERS, WITH ESPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED LANDING PLATFORMS FOR HELICOPTERS RIGGED ON EITHER SIDE.

This photograph of the U.S. Navy's hospital ship Haven was taken as she lay at anchor somewhere off the coast of Korea awaiting the arrival of Marine helicopters bringing in the wounded from the front lines. This sight is the first that many a wounded man sees during the descent of the helicopter to the landing platforms which have been especially constructed and moored to receive this type of aircraft. The platforms enable the wounded to be taken into the ship with the minimum of disturbance. Haven is one of five hospital ships serving with the U.S. Navy and is equipped with beds for 802 patients. The ship has a displacement of 11,140 tons, is air-conditioned throughout and has a speed of 18 knots. The use of helicopters in evacuating the wounded in the Korean fighting has been a feature of the campaign, and there is no doubt that the rapid transport of casualties by air from the front line to the base hospital has been the means of saving many lives. A report published in the official journal of the American

College of Surgeons a few months ago on the treatment of Korean battle casualties stated that 95 per cent. of all casualties received some type of treatment within twenty-four hours, and 24 per cent. within half an hour. Among the factors to which doctors attributed the low mortality figures was evacuation of casualties by air, and tribute was paid to the value of helicopters for transporting wounded in rugged country where ambulances could operate only with difficulty. In July, 1950, 29 days elapsed before a wounded man could be admitted to hospital, and by February in the following year this had been reduced to 1.4 days. The team of medical observers stressed that the early location, transport and treatment of casualties was essential to maintain the low mortality figures. Such devices as that illustrated on this page which enable the wounded to be brought from the front lines straight to a hospital ship with the minimum of disturbance may have a still further marked effect on the fatality rate.



#### WORLD

#### NOTES AND QUERIES IN EDINBURGH.

By ALAN DENT.

whose surroundings were blighted for lack of water, and where hardly anything stirred in the drought except a snake which was being charmed by a beggar in the market-place—far more charmed than I was! Bongolo" (Belgium) was better-very much better, in fact—because there was considerable art and variety about it, and it gave us many bizarre glimpses



REAL LIFE MIMICS THE DISNEY CARTOON TOUCH: FOUR LITTLE BIRDS ON A BOUGH FROM TE T EXAMPLE OF WALT DISNEY'S NEW "NATURE SURIES"—A FILM CALLED "NATURE'S HAL "—WHICH GIVES IN CLOSE-UP AND COLOUR THE WILD LIFE, BOTH ANIMAL AND PLANT, OF ACRE IN SOME UNSPECIFIED AMERICAN STATE. MR. DENT SAYS THAT IT SHOULD BE MADE CLEAT THESE FILMS ARE 100 DISNEY CARTOONS, ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE BEEN MADE POSSIBLE BY H SUPPORT AND PATRONAGE.

pass along Glasgow's famous Sauchiehall Street without seeing a patient queue outside the elegant little
Cosmo Theatre. But nowadays the same phenomenon is observable in Edinburgh at the little Cameo Theatre at Tollcross, which has been in existence as such only since 1950. The Cameo now proudly announces that it will this month show some of the new Stereoscopic Films to

the South again by the time the tendentious statement appears, let me say out boldly that Glasgow was well ahead of Edinburgh in possessing a cinemahouse devoted to the showing of high-quality foreign films (i.e., films other than British and American).

It has for some time been practically impossible to

Scotland for the first time; and the rival, Cosmo, in the rival city, has not a word to say on the subject, foreign or otherwise. But over and above this normal activity with regard to the best Contin-ental films, there is preter-natural activity

in Edinburgh during the three weeks of its Festival. This year it should be said at the outset that there is a perilous tendency to overdo this. Twice on each tendency to overdo this. Twice on each Sunday a large cinema-theatre stages a programme—or, rather, two different programmes—of documentaries. And every week-morning throughout the Festival there is a fresh programme of short films at a little news-cinema in Princes Street. There are other similar ventures besides. The emphasis is notably more on quantity than on quality—far

too much so.

It is fair to say that these cinemas are packed with pleased crowds at each and

of tribal life in the Belgian Congo— the Dakouba tribe, to be exact— with a pleasing and almost complete absence of whites of any sort.

The latest example of Walt Disney's new "Nature Series," a film called "Nature's Half-Acre," proved even more pleasing still, in that it has a total lack of mankind of any sort! This is a worthy sequel to "Beaver Valley," and it gives us—in startling close-up and in colour—the wild life, both animal and plant, of a half-acre in

some unspecified American State. It should be made clear that these films are cartoons. They are scientific creations, made possible by Disney's support and patronage, and photographed quite mir-aculously by Alfred and Elma Milotte.

The birds have names which are largely unfamiliar to us, but the other characters in-clude a chameleon (whose tongue makes a fork of lightning look leisurely), a praying-mantis, some peculiarly rampant caterpillars, some insect-

trapping flowers, and some exotic plants which, towards the end, are seen growing and blossoming in whatever is the opposite of "slow-motion." We used to be privileged to see such enthralling films as "supports" in regular programmes. Then they as "supports" in regular programmes. Then they dwindled into the Natural History Museum. Then they vanished altogether. It seems likely that the Disney patronage will restore public interest in such film-making, especially as it has been so sensationally

improved and is—for the first time, I think—in colour. For here is Nature—Technicolor-red in tooth and claw—dangerously unsentimental, from the dicky-bird point of view—savage, selfish, perfidious, and capable of any kind of self-sacrificing only within a narrow

family circle.

A subject for an essay at some other time is Disney's curious branching-out from the heavily sentimental zoology and ornithology of his own cartoon-films to these intensive and often frightening studies of natural phenomena as they really are. This would call almost for a psycho-analytical approach, and the word "dichotomy" would have to be bandied about with devastating effect. But perhaps before embarking upon such a thesis, one would do well to be absolutely assured that Disney's active hand took part in the preparation of such things as "Beaver Valley" and "Nature's Half-Acre." The publicity matter is oddly reticent and uninformative on the subject.

on the subject.

After drawing many other blanks -off-Disney cartoons, neo-Chinese fan-tasias from Czecho-Slovakia, a quite poignantly unimaginative vista (from New

Zealand) of what happens to us after a fatal street-accident, and other direly feeble experiments—I drew a winner, or at least two-thirds of a winner, in "Le Plaisir," directed by Max Ophuls. This is a film made up of three short stories of Maupassant. The middle one is "La Maison Tellier," a story told an intensely French tender-cynical style, so witty, so daring, and yet so touching that it almost invariably crops up in anybody's list of the half-dozen best short stories

None of these three stories really and truly "sits" so well on the screen as did "Une Partie de Campagne" a few months ago, or "Le Rosier de Mme. Husson" (with Fernandel) some years ago. And one



A FILM FROM BELGIUM WHICH "GAYE US MANY BIZARRE GLIMPSES OF TRIBAL LIFE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO": "BONGOLO"—A SCENE FROM ONE OF THE FILMS WHICH ALAN DENT SAW IN EDINBURGH. HE SAYS THAT ONE OF THE PLEASING THINGS ABOUT THIS FILM WAS THE ALMOST COMPLETE ABSENCE OF WHITES OF ANY SORT.

every performance. But here I take the view (repeating the first clause of my first sentence) that Festival crowds will flock (x) to anything on weekdays which will shield them from the incalculable inclemencies of the Edinburgh weather, and (2) to absolutely anything on Sundays—even if the sun be shining—in order to escape from the moroseness of the Scottish Sabbath. On the day of rest, in short, John Knox is jolly good for film business!

It may of course be that I have

been peculiarly unlucky in my choice of mornings. If a short film calls itself "Rhythm of Rotterdam" (Netherlands), I expect at least to land in that in-I expect at least to land in that interesting city and not spend the entire time in the muddy waters of its harbour—which might equally be those of Southampton—commiserating with a Dutch sailor whose sweetheart, a captain's daughter, hardly ever has the luck to be in harbour at the same time. Another "short," called "Indian Village" (Sweden), strove vainly to enthral me with the plight of a village



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iption to The Illustrated London News is the ideal gift to friends, for as the sich week the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or a birthday or other anniversary. It also solves the problem of packings which arise when sending a gift to friends overseas. Orders for subscription, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrate in the present of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription to "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" Published at 21- Weekly

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gathered from murmurs around one that the Scottish audiences, even allowing for Festival laxity, were more than a shade shocked when the young ladies of Mme. Tellier's dubious establishment, in the course of their unusual day's outing, sang the hymn which we know as "Nearer, my God, to Thee." But so, I must freely confess, was I!



(ABOVE.)
SYLVIA IN THE SACRED WOOD:
THE FIRST ACT OF FREDERICK
ASHTON'S NEW VERSION OF THE
FAMOUS DELIBES BALLET, SHOWING SYLVIA (LEFT - CENTRE)
(MARGOT FONTEYN) WITH OTHER
HUNTRESSES, THE JEALOUS
ORION (JOHN HART), ON THE
BRIDGE, AND THE STATUE OF
EROS (ALEXANDER GRANT)
(EXTREME LEFT).

THE ballet of "Sylvia, ou La Nymphe de Diane," with choreography by Louis Mérante, to the seductive music of Léo Delibes, was first performed in Paris in 1876. It was in three acts. A one-act version, with Lydia Kyasht as Sylvia, was produced in London at the Empire in 1911. On September 3, the Sadler's Wells Ballet arranged to produce at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, an entirely new three-act version with choreography by Frederick Ashton. The principal rôles on the opening night were to be danced by Margot Fonteyn as Sylvia, Michael Somes as her shepherd-lover, John Hart as the jealous Orion, and Alexander Grant as Eros. Later in the season, Sylvia was to be danced by Beryl Grey and Violetta Elvin. The costumes and Scenery were by Robin and Christopher Ironside. The story is based on Tasso's poem "Aminta," and concerns the loves of Sylvia, a nymph of Diana and the shepherd Amyntas, the capture of Sylvia by the jealous lover Orion, and the assistance of Eros, followed by the intervention of the goddess Diana on behalf of the young lovers.

Photographs by Felix Fonteyn. lovers.

Photographs by Felix Fonteyn.



THE LAST ACT OF THE NEW VERSION OF "SYLVIA": SYLVIA (MARGOT FONTEYN) AND EROS (ALEXANDER GRANT), BESIDE THE SAIL. IN THIS LAST ACT, ON THE SEA-COAST NEAR A TEMPLE OF DIANA, SYLVIA AND HER SHEPHERD-LOVER, AMYNTAS (MICHAEL SOMES), ARE UNITED BY THE INTERVENTION OF THE GODDESS, DIANA.

#### CAMERA SURVEY OF NEWS EVENTS: A ITEMS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD.



AT THE INTERNATIONAL RADIO-CONTROLLED MODEL BOATS CONTEST: A BEAUTIFULLY BUILT SAILING-SHIP UNDER WAY BUT CONTROLLED BY RADIO FROM THE BANK.

On August 16 the International Radio-controlled Model Boats contest was held at the Boating Lake, Stanley Park, Blackpool. The models in the competition ranged from fast power-boats to the beautifully built sailing-ship illustrated here, but they had one thing in common, all were controlled by radio from the bank and could be made to execute a number of manœuvres.



WATCHING PHOTOGRAPHS BEING TAKEN OF FINGER-PRINTS ON A GLASS TUMBLER: WOMEN POLICE CADETS AT THE WAKEFIELD HEADQUARTERS OF THE WEST RIDING POLICE, WHERE THEY ARE NOW IN TRAINING. The first women police cadets are now in training at the Wakefield headquarters of the West Riding Police, and eight have just passed out on completing the course. Our photograph shows the cadets being shown how to photograph finger-prints on a glass tumbler in the Criminal Investigation Department, where the instruction stresses the importance of collecting and preserving evidence for laboratory research. This system of training may be adopted by other police forces as a means of interesting girls in the police force as a career.



EVIDENCE OF THE PROTRACTED NATURE OF THE KOREAN ARMISTICE NEGOTIATIONS:

A PERMANENT BUILDING BEING CONSTRUCTED AT PANMUNJOM.

It was recently reported that Chinese workmen were constructing a solid wooden structure to the place of the tent in which the armistice negotiations have been carried on at intervals for past ten months. Our photograph shows this structure immediately behind the truce tent. It has been suggested that the Communists are preparing for a protracted stay optimists say that they desire a more suitable setting for the signing of an agreement



A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH: PASSERS-BY SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS

OF A U.S. EARTHQUAKE AT BAKERSFIELD.

On August 22 an earthquake shook Southern California and a number of people were killed at Bakersfield, where the damage was estimated at about £7,000,000. Bakersfield lies in the southern San Joaquin Valley, and has a population of some 50,000. In July, fifteen people were killed in an earthquake near Bakersfield. The entire front of a five-storey hotel fell into the street, and the town's clock-tower was destroyed.



THE YOUNG KING OF JORDAN, ON HIS RETURN TO HIS COUNTRY: KING HUSSEIN, IN JORDANIAN MILITARY UNIFORM. HE IS SEVENTEEN, A HARROW SCHOOLBOY, AND COMES OF AGE AT EIGHTEEN, NEXT MAY.



king hussein of Jordan (centre) inspecting the guard of honour mounted by the arab legion at mafraq

AIRPORT, IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN THE KINGDOM OF JORDAN.

seventeen-year-old King of Jordan, King Hussein, arrived by air at Mafraq Airport, in Jordan, accompanied leen Zeine, from Geneva. He was wearing military uniform and inspected a guard of honour at the airport. he Frime Minister, Tefik Abulhuda and members of the Regency Council. Accompanied by a military escort, n, pausing at Zerka to attend an official reception of members of the Government and diplomatic representatives as. At Amman he was greeted by a salute of twenty-one guns, the city was decorated with national flags, and thousands of people lined the route.

## ROUND-THE-CLOCK CLEARANCE AT LYNMOUTH, AND CARAVAN HOMES FOR THE FLOOD VICTIMS.



FLOODLIT SO THAT CLEARANCE COULD CONTINUE BY NIGHT AS WELL AS BY DAY:
A VIEW OF LYNMOUTH, THE NORTH DEVON TOWN DEVASTATED BY THE FLOODS.

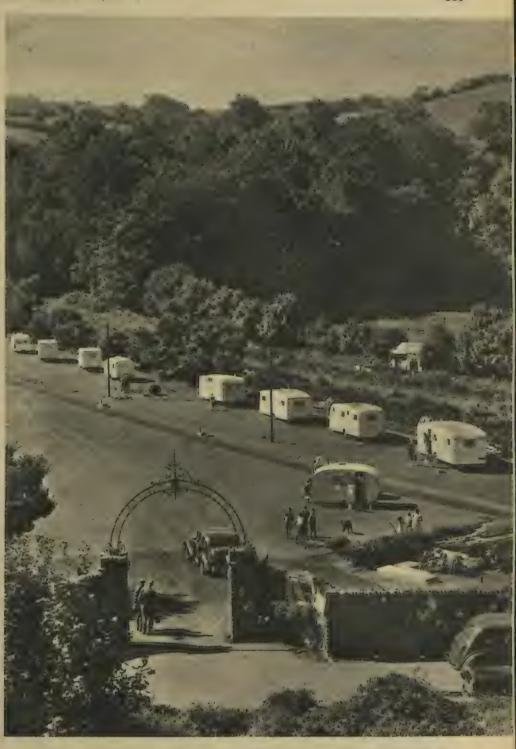


CARRYING OUT THE HEAVY CLEARANCE WORK OF THE RIVER BED BY THE AID OF FLOOD-LIGHTS DURING THE HOURS OF DARKNESS; TROOPS REMOVING BOULDERS AND RUBBLE.



A PICTURE WHICH GIVES SOME IDEA OF THE IMMENSITY OF THE WORK WHICH HAS BEEN TACKLED WITH SPLENDID VIGOUR BY TROOPS, FIREMEN AND OTHER WORKERS: LYNMOUTH, WITH ITS BURDEN OF BOULDERS.

The magnitude of the task of clearance and reconstruction which must be carried out before the areas devastated by flood in North Devon and West Somerset can be restored to some semblance of order is illustrated by these photographs, which show how the Army carried out round-the-clock non-stop work, with the aid of floodlighting during the hours of darkness. It was stated on August 27 that emergency work was expected to be completed at Lynmouth by September 20, and that the Army would have finished its part by September 5. The G.O.C. Southern Command, who has been in charge of the military relief work, organised a command post at Lynton, and command posts near Brayford and Dulverton to

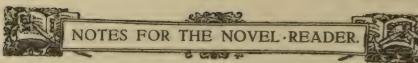


LIT BY BRILLIANT SUNSHINE AND SET IN LOVELY SURROUNDINGS: A GROUP OF CARAVANS ON THE SITE AT GREAT HOLMAN PARK, WHERE HOMELESS FLOOD VICTIMS ARE ACCOMMODATED.



CLEARING THE ORIGINAL BED OF THE RIVER LYN FROM RUBBLE BROUGHT DOWN BY THE MIGHTY FORCE OF THE FLOODWATER: AN ARMY BULLDOZER AT WORK AT LYNMOUTH DURING THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT.

deal with rural areas. He had at his disposal the Engineer Assault Regiment, and men and heavy equipment from the Amphibious Warfare Experimental Establishment; and men and equipment from other units. Soldiers and council workmen constructed a boulder wall at Lynmouth as a protective measure against the high tides of early September; and Firemen digging in the ruins of buildings, salvaged many valuables. Missing bridges have been replaced with Bailey material sent with great promptitude from Weyhill. The caravans assembled and organised for the accommodation of some of those rendered homeless by the disaster have proved a satisfactory temporary solution.



FICTION OF THE WEEK

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

It is a commonplace of advanced criticism that England has no turn for the novel of ideas. And it is nearly always meant as a reproach. Statements like that are never absolutely true; but this one, I should say, is true enough, and not a bad thing, either. One could maintain that novels of ideas, par excellence, are never great, and adduce reasons for it. But on the other hand, they have a ment of their own; they are respectable, in the respectable old sense. It would be sad if we had nobody to challenge respect; it even seems unfair that anything as handsome as "The Green Man," by Storm Jameson (Macmillan; 15s.)—on such a scale, so vigorous; intelligent, reflective—should, through its very merits, be ineligible for the big prize.

However, this is still a compliment, of an ungracious kind; for it is judging by the highest standards. And "The Green Man," has a right to them. It is respectable, as I have hinted, in the best sense: massive and honourable, might be more descriptive. It "reflects the age"; it is a study of the dominant and intellectual English, in the crisis of our own time. Its core, or pivot, is the Daubney family. There are two brothers, twins; both have immense intelligence, strong personalities, unbridled will—but they are utterly opposed. Richard, the elder, is a historian and scholar, an ultra-English European, and a radical of his own school. He has too much integrity to thrive; he is too generous, too overbearing—and in a lofty way, too self-indulgent. But he believes in God, and in his fellow-men. Matthew believes in prospering. His realm is international finance; he is a power now, in the 1930's, and as he has the art of riding every change, really all changes are indifferent to him.

In Richard's eldest son there is a conflict. He find the provided his plant to the other hand, we have the other hand, in the total say, is true enough, the other hand, in the total plant his pla

beneves in prospering. His realm is international finance; he is a power now, in the 1930's, and as he has the art of riding every change, really all changes are indifferent to him.

In Richard's eldest son there is a conflict. He delights in life; he has a root of honesty, a welter of confused ambitions, and an instinctive tact. Honesty binds him to his father and his closest friend; while vanity and arrivisme, fear of contempt, and pride in flattering with skill, govern his Oxford course and make him very useful to his uncle Matthew. But some day he will have to choose. It is the war which pulls him up, and teaches him a new direction.

But there is far more in this massive book; more children, destinies, debates. It has a double chorus, too: of Oxford highbrows rolling arrogantly in the dust, of Matthew's influential friends talking their way through Munich, atom bombs and Planned Control. Personal themes abound; there is a richness, even a profundity, of human content; yet somehow it is overpowered by journalism, of the highest type—like that of Richard's European Quarterly, one may suppose. And it is somewhat paradoxical in drift. What we are taught is magnanimity and cheer; what we are shown most brilliantly is treason—intimate, daily treason—as the stuff of life. And the most vivid character is Leah, an "intellectual" mad for argument, frantic with selfesteem, yet underneath nearly demented with self-hate and guilt. But that, one gathers, is the end of humanism; that is man without God.

"The Compassionate People," by John Hosea (Heinemann; ros. 6d.), looks wonderfully slight in contrast. And slight it is, of course. But weight and density, in fiction, are not of more account than circulation; too vast or complex a material tends to impede the flow of life. And while the simplest novel can be perfect in its own way, the slightest want of oxygen is harmful.

This short, first story gives one more than room to turn round. Indeed, it scarcely gets beyond an anecdote,

the flow of life. And while the simplest novel can be perfect in its own way, the slightest want of oxygen is harmful.

This short, first story gives one more than room to turn round. Indeed, it scarcely gets beyond an anecdote, and not a very pointed anecdote. An English prisoner, taken in France at the beginning of the war, is moved into a convent hospital. After the squalor and starvation of the camp, it has great charm. Most of the wounded men are French. They treat the shy, unfluent and the has fallen deep in love with a young novice. He never speaks with her alone, hardly at all—only a few words on her round, or in a pause of duty; but she returns his love. Nothing can come of it, and in a week or two it is all over. Raymond had thought she would be first to leave; she has had four days' notice of a transfer. But sooner still, there is a total exodus. The badly wounded are going home, while Raymond sets off with the others for a camp in Germany.

It is a spacious, random little book: short scenes, unheightened episodes, little descriptive background, and no strain. It is not very clever or sophisticated. But it is perfectly translucent—simple in its own way.

"Holiday With Violence," by Edith Pargeter (Heinemann; 128. 6d.), has a good deal more body, and a most surprising character. Thrillers, of course, are of all sorts; they can be witty, they can be distinguished—but when have "beautiful" and "charming" been the mots justes? Here they suggest themselves at once. The tourist setting is all beauty, lavish, and an essential feature of the plot; while more remarkably, the plot itself is charming to the backbone.

Its four young travellers are English on the new model, poor, rucksacked and restricted—but what have beautiful" and "charming," in the young travellers are English on the new model, poor, rucksacked and restricted—but what advertisements to send abroad! Third is of course their class; but on a crowded journey to Turin they break into a first-class carriage and a web of crime. A charming, friendly

#### BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"HAD I BUT WORLD ENOUGH ..."

"I AM comfortably aware, "writes my colleague J. C. Trewin in "Down to the sound of the international content of the content o

in this country

Happily, some religious foundations, such as the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, evaded the greed of the Reformation plunderers because of their educational intention. William of Wykeham's great foundation of New College is, of course, such a one. One does not need to be an Old New College man to appreciate the attractive scholarship of "New College and Its Buildings," by A. H. Smith (Oxford University Press; 21s.). But then it is hardly surprising that this beautifully illustrated book should be well written. For it is a labour of love, and its author the present Warden of New College.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES. By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

QUITE one of the most exciting games we have seen for some time; this was played in the British Championship tournament at Chester:

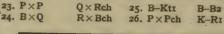
SICILIAN	DEFEN	CE.
Dinak	7771	

. ** /****	· Diack	w nste	Black	
E. G.	R. F.	E. G.	R.F.	
SERGEANT	BOXALL	SERGEANT	BOXALL	
1. P-K4	P-QB4	10. Kt×Kt	BP×Kt	
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	11. B-Q3	Q-R5	
3. Kt-B3	Kt-B3	12. B-K3	B-Kt2	
4. P-Q4	$P \times P$	13. P-QB3	B-R4	
5. Kt×P	P-K3	14. P-KB4	B-B2	
6. B-K2	B-Kt5	15. R-B3	P-KB4	
7. Castles	Castles	16. P×Pe.p.	$Q \times P$ (B6)	
8. Kt×Kt	$KtP \times Kt$	17. R-R3	P-Kt3	
9. P-K5	Kt-Q4	18. Q-Kt3		
Powell must be 144				

Boxall must have bitterly regretted later re having taken one of the many opportunities driving away the queen from this square by mea R-QKtr.

18. B-B3 19. QR-KB1 R-B2 P-K4 20. K-Rr

He is already reconciled to giving up his queen as a partial relief to the intolerable pressure against his king, on to which every white piece is focused.





It is difficult to find any other defence against the threatened...B-Kt3. For instance, 27. P-Kt3, B-Kt3; 28. K-Kt2, R×B would be mate!

With this move White not only defends (27...B-Kt3? 28. P-B5, B×P; 29. Q-B3 ch) but attacks; the threat is 28. Q-B3ch.

28. P×P

Prepared to hand back rook for bishop, White coolly continues to pick up material meanwhile.

He can allow his queen to be decoyed from the protection of the rook, even though it costs him a whole piece instead of merely the "exchange." The Black men are scattered, all three unguarded; his king is exposed to check—possibly mate.

These factors ensure White the last word.

31. K×R 32. K-B1 33. K-K2	30. R×Bch B×Rch R-KB1ch B-Kt3	35. Q×QP 36. K-Q3 37. Q-K8ch 38. Q-B7ch	R-B7ch R×QKtP K×P Resigns
34. Q×B	P-K6		

The rook is lost after 30. O-B6ch.



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\* Chemical description of 2, 4-D produced by Monsanto for formulation by manufacturers of herbicides for the control of grassland, turf and cereal crops.



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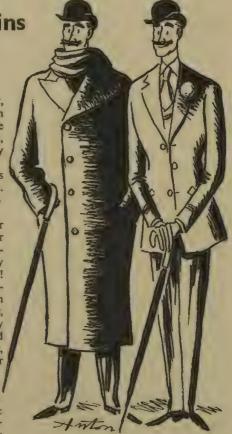
ALGERNON ffellows-ffollows, on the left, and his brother Alistair are gentlemen twins. They look and think alike, behave very similarly, and both, let us admit it, suffer from the cold—which is where they

For when Boreas blows, Algernon cloaks his plaintive frame in cumbersome clouts. Look at the result! Bulky! Definitely notwell-dressed.

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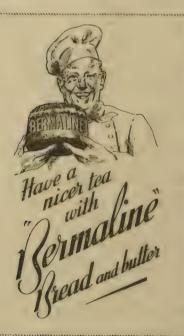
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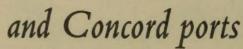




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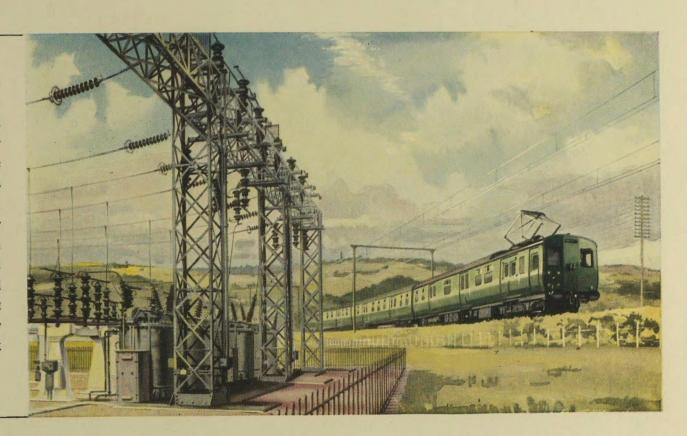
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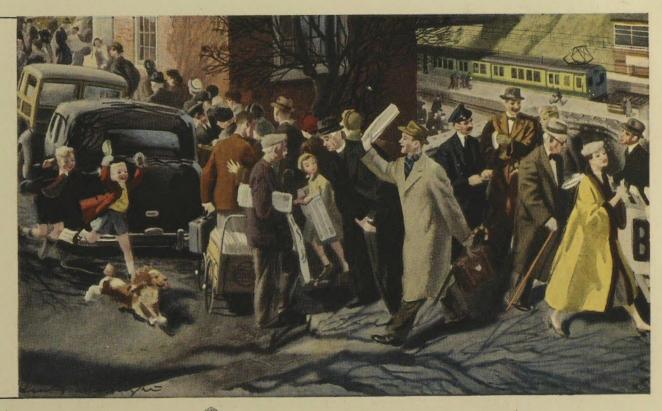
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